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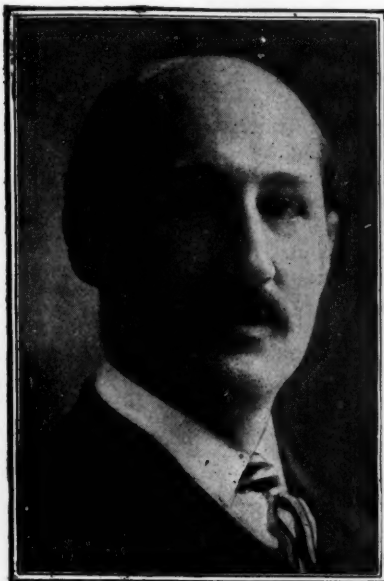
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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

FOOTBALL REFORM BY ABOLITION.

TWO things have come to be expected every year about this time. One is the report of the casualties and fatalities to football players, and the other is the demand for the abolition or radical alteration of the game. But never before, says the New York *Evening Post*, "has a football season ended amid such a well-nigh universal chorus of denunciation of the game, with such

a record of fatalities" as the one just closed. The game must either reform, observes the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, or "make for the tall timber," and so, too, thinks the New York *Press*. The New York *Sunday* declares the game a "hospital feeder" and a "cannibalistic" sport, and the Chicago *Tribune* thinks it "has fallen to the low level of pugilism and the bullfight," and must cease to be brutal or cease to be played. But while the newspapers are printing tabulated reports of the casualties on the gridiron, showing a record of 20 deaths and 184 serious injuries during the present season, the college facul-



WALTER CAMP.

"He has long been an earnest advocate of a revision of the rules which would result in more open play," says the Boston *Herald*, "but the suggestions which he made to the rules committee for changes in this direction were not adopted."

ties and college athletic committees are taking an active part in this movement for reform.

At the beginning of the season President Roosevelt conferred with the coaches of the leading football teams, with a view to lessening or eliminating brutality and slaughter from the game, but, aside from promises, little seems to have been accomplished in that direction. Now the demand for reform has reached imperative proportions. The University of Pennsylvania has taken the first step by issuing an appeal to all colleges to join forces in a war against the game's abuses. But the most drastic measure is taken by Columbia University, which has abolished the game altogether. This is in accord with the action of several minor educational institutions throughout the country, which have prohibited the game because of its dangers. At this time nearly all the presidents and college athletic committees are in favor of reforming the game. Chancellor Henry M. MacCracken, of New York University, follows the action of the University of Pennsylvania by suggesting a conference of the heads of all educational institutions.

President Shurman, of Cornell, thinks it is time for college presidents to act. "Football to-day is a social obsession," says Prof. Shailer Matthews, of Chicago University, and even the doctor in charge of Columbia's squad thinks the game "the most brutal exhibition I have ever seen or heard of to call a sport." President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, says of the game:

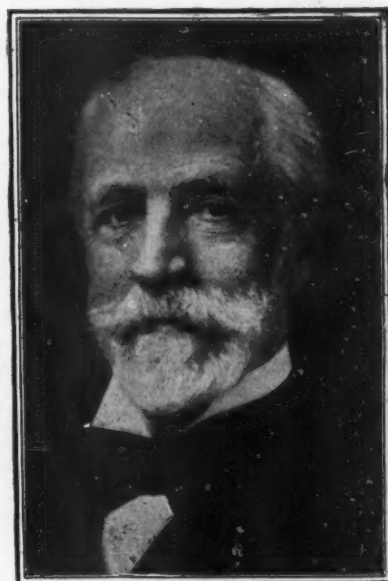
"I never objected to it on the ground that it was rough, but that it is not within the sphere of usefulness for the ordinary student. The great trouble is that the game is in the hands of a self-appointed, self-organized committee of rules. I refer to Mr. Camp and his associates. They have promised reforms, but have done nothing. Now, the college presidents have lost patience. We will revise the rules ourselves, and the changes will be radical."

"One human life is too big a price for all the games of the season," declares Chancellor Day, of Syracuse: but President Eliot, of Harvard, is quoted as saying:

"If injuries, even if deaths, occur in the game, that is not an argument against the game. It is not over these things that I find fault. It is the spirit that animates the players and prevails in the game that I criticize and wherein lies my objection to the game. I shall do nothing and shall take no action in response to the despatch from the chancellor of New York University."

Walter Camp, of Yale, suggests that "more open play would be forced on the teams by requiring ten instead of five yards in three downs." He adds:

"That would change the character of the injuries. It is true that an open field tackle is the hardest kind of a tackle. But in open field play the injuries are usually a sprained ankle or a broken arm. That is much better than a blood clot on the brain or other injuries which occur in the heavy line plays. There the injuries are more apt to be to the head and spine. In open play, the slugging and dirty work sometimes done in scrimmage would be impossible, because it could be seen. If we can get the game so that the spectators can see all of it, public opinion will stop foul play. What slugging there is now goes on because the crowd can not see it. The ten-yard rule would allow lighter men to get into the game, which would be an advantage that some people are urging. I am inclined to think that there is a chance for the ten-yard rule to be adopted by the rules committee. Some of the



CHANCELLOR HENRY M. MACCRACKEN,

Who has asked President Eliot of Harvard to call a conference of college presidents to reform football.

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proposed changes are so radical that they would practically make a new game. What we want to do is to preserve the game and eliminate the objectionable features."

Francis S. Bangs, chairman of the athletic council of Columbia, makes the serious charge that the committee on rules is responsible for perpetuating the game's objectionable features. He says:



CLOSE OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

—Davenport in the New York Mail.

"The game is played under rules formulated by a committee called together several years ago by the now defunct University Athletic Club of New York city. It has been self-perpetuating, irresponsible, impervious to public opinion, and culpable in refusing

to heed the unnecessarily dangerous character of the game. For foul play—and by this I mean not only those acts and practices which spectators plainly see, but the acts and practices which the public does not see and does not know, but which the players know well—some of the rules committee may be held directly responsible, because they have been in close daily touch with the team and the universities during the training season, and must have been perfectly aware of what has been planned and done. In putting the members of other teams 'out of business' in a game, in making athletics a business for members of their own teams, and in all the undergraduate 'graft' in athletics that has sprung from the corrupting influence of football money, have they uplifted a protesting voice? I would not entrust the reformation of the game to the present rules committee. They have given no evidence of sympathy with the demand for reform. I may be doing injustice to some of its members, but the committee has made its decrees known only as a committee, and the views of its indi-



A JOY NERO MISSED.

NERO—"No more of those tame gladiatorial fights; football is the real thing!"
—Maybell in the Brooklyn Eagle.

vidual members are not known. In the attitude hitherto maintained by the committee, its real desire to reform the game may, perhaps, be doubted, even under compulsion."

It has been shown in *The Evening Post* and several of the magazines and other newspapers that the following evils have come in

the train of football: (1) the introduction of paid athletes and bogus students; (2) the use of unfair and immoral methods to win games; (3) the steady increase in gambling and betting features of inter-collegiate contests; (4) the danger of injuries from mass plays; (5) the exaltation of bulk and brawn over brains; (6) and the exaltation of money making as a characteristic of the college game.

The Springfield *Republican* observes that if we abolish the game "the question to be immediately faced is, what can be substituted for it?" The Philadelphia *Ledger* criticizes Columbia University for its drastic action, and hopes that the other colleges will not try to solve the problem in this wise. "Everybody knows," it adds, "that football will not be abolished in the United States, nor ought it to be. It is a fine, healthy, and manly game when played in the right spirit by the right sort of men under the proper conditions."

Many defenders of the game feel that the dangers are exaggerated, and that serious injuries have only befallen those who were physically unfitted to stand the strain of any game requiring great hardihood. In this the Boston *Herald* and the New York *Herald* agree. Says the New York paper:

"Football is not ping-pong, a pink tea, or any other style of drawing-room entertainment, and must have its rough but not necessarily really dangerous moments. But, on the other hand, it is not akin to the brutality of a prize-fight, as some pessimists would declare. Nor is there in the bitterly fought college games a spirit of fair play lacking or is there intentional injury to a fellow player, while the manner in which the young fellows keep their heads in the excitement of a rush or a mass play is marvelous.

"It is a game that calls for strength, alertness, quick and cool judgment, pluck and endurance. It is a sport that, properly played, makes the right sort of men out of youngsters who have felt its invigorating mental and physical influences during school and college days. It is no game for weaklings, to be sure, but, nevertheless, its judicious and gradual use has made giants of many a puny-muscled boy."

UNPRECEDENTED YEAR FOR FARMERS.

THE \$6,415,000,000 at which Mr. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, estimates the value of the products of the farms of the United States in 1905 constitutes what the press call "an unthinkable total." Standing alone, these figures are too stupendous to be grasped and completely understood even by a mathematical mind. They may, however, be dimly comprehended by contrast and comparison; and to this end the St. Louis *Republic* shows that they mean that the farmers "produced during the year more than 56 per cent. of all the wealth created" within the boundaries of the nation. This sum would more than pay off the bonded debt of the Federal Government seven times, or would half pay for the building and equipment of the 210,000 miles of railroad in this country. The cotton crop alone is worth nearly twice as much as the yield for the year of all the gold-mines of the world, says *The Southern Farm Magazine*, while the Philadelphia *Inquirer* calculates that the unpretentious American hen with 20,000,000,000 eggs a year to her credit is a more valuable asset than all the gold-, silver-, and iron-mines in the United States.

The farmers of the United States have indeed enjoyed unprecedented good times during the year covered by Secretary Wilson's report, for his figures show that their products represent an increase of \$256,000,000 over the previous record value of 1904, and exceed the census report of 1899—only six years ago—by 36 per cent. In summarizing the farmers' present economic condition the New York *Journal of Commerce* remarks:

"It may be said . . . that farm products are yearly exported with a port value of \$875,000,000; that farmers have reversed an adverse international balance of trade, and have been building up one favorable to this country by sending to foreign nations a surplus which in sixteen years has aggregated \$12,000,000,000, leaving an apparent net balance of trade during that time amounting to \$5,092,000,000 after an adverse balance against manufactures and

other products not agricultural amounting to \$543,000,000 has been offset. The manufacturing industries that depend upon farm products for raw materials employed 2,154,000 persons in 1900 and used a capital of \$4,132,000,000. Within a decade farmers have become prominent as bankers and as money-lenders throughout large areas; and during the past five years prosperous conditions and the better-directed efforts of the farmers themselves have increased the value of their farms 33.5 per cent., or an amount approximately equal to \$6,133,000,000."

The prosperous condition of the farmers this year appears to have been due as much to the high general level of prices as to the enormous size of the crops; for according to a statement issued to the press by Secretary Wilson, he explains that while only one crop—corn—reached its highest production, four crops reached their highest value, namely, corn, hay, wheat, and rice. On account of unusually good prices, no crops for which separate estimates were made fell below third place in total value compared with crops of preceding years, except potatoes, barley, tobacco, rye, and buckwheat. Hence it resulted that the grand total exceeded all former records and amounted to nearly seven billions of dollars. But *The Journal of Commerce* observes that, while these figures show indubitably that the farmers are enjoying "unexampled prosperity," they are, however, an estimate only in gross. "What the outlay in labor and material has been," it says, "and consequently what the net return to the farmers may be, does not appear." The *Chicago Record-Herald* also dwells on this point, and after attempting to find out what the real meaning of Secretary Wilson's figures is, declares:

"As the Secretary has a finely developed pictorial faculty, he illustrates the condition of the billionaire farmer by saying that 'the man with the hoe has become the man with the harvester and the depositor and shareholder of the bank.' We hope that he has become the president also and that he has taken proper care of his son, his son-in-law, and all his cousins.

"But possibly if we were to consider him as a living and breathing entity, and not as a lay figure wrought into a statue of prosperity, some emendations might be made to the Secretary's admirable report, which is quite naturally affected by the array of billions. The man with the hoe is not one but many, and the many are not becoming bankers and capitalists with fearful and wonderful rapidity. That they have profited by weather conditions is clear, and in numerous cases during the last few years there has been a reduction or lifting of mortgages and some accumulation of money. It is necessary, however, to put the billionaire through a shrinking process before we can get at true values.

When we have done that we may find that he is worth only a few thousands, that he is working hard for a living, and that he is much engrossed with thoughts on: Railroad rates. The packers' and commission men's control of the markets. The high cost of manufactures and various commodities that he must use and that he can not produce.

"As a matter of fact, the vast totals are by no means so eloquent to him as they are to the uninitiated. They are not available like the totals of life insurance companies for the presidents thereof, and the farmer-banker might be more properly described as a banker-farmer.

"This comment is made not in a spirit of pessimism or of fault-finding. It is pleasing and instructive to think of the tremendous productive power of the country as indicated in the Secretary's statistics, and no doubt the farmers have had a share in the good times. But totals and averages leave much to be desired in the way of accurate information about social and industrial conditions."

OUR UNDER-OFFICERED ARMY.

NO such alarm as was manifested in the press comments on Admiral Rae's report, in which he told of the dangerous lack of experienced engineers in our navy, is shown in the editorials on the reports of General Chaffee and General Mills, the Chief of Artillery, which point out that the army is also under-officered. Under the army reorganization act of 1901, the maximum strength of the army is fixed at 100,000 and the minimum at 58,000. In 1902 the Secretary of War established the army on its minimum basis, so that it now numbers, with staff and line officers, about 60,000. Notwithstanding the relatively small size of this force and the fact that West Point continues to turn out its quota of graduates every year, General Chaffee declares that the army is underofficered, and "in time of war it would be in a decidedly crippled condition." There are 517 officers absent upon detailed duty and the General thinks that provision should be made to fill the vacancies, as the details are of a permanent character. The *Chicago News* declares that "at worst, the shortage of officers in the army is far less serious than is the similar deficiency in the navy," and it adds:

"In an army differently constituted from ours such a deficiency as that of which General Chaffee complains might not be especially serious, but it is to be remembered that in war the United States will depend for its land defense upon a sudden augmentation of the whole military establishment. The regular force will be practically doubled through the enlistment and assimilation of new men,



THE HARVEST MOON.

—Ireland in the *Columbus Dispatch*.



THE FARMER—"Never mind, you kids 'll grow!"

—Williams in the *Philadelphia North American*.

SNAP-SHOTS OF THE AMERICAN FARMER.

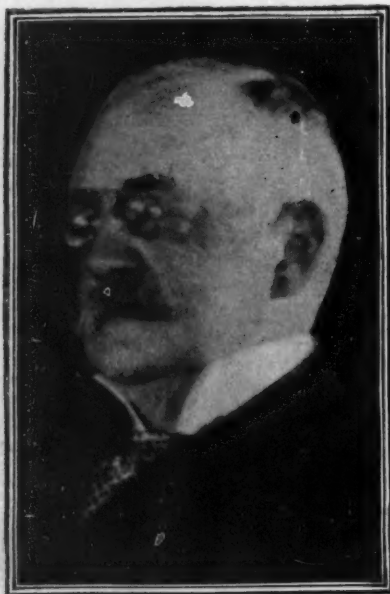
this body forming the nucleus of the militia and the volunteer contingents which will make up the bulk of the defensive force. While the army organization law makes provision for this expansion and the militia officers will be available for efficient service, it is plain that any reduction in the number of regular officers required for active duty must bring the total below the point compatible with safety.

"Before making provision for an increase in the officers' list, however, Congress will want to know how far the incidental service assignments of which General Chaffee speaks are necessary. The tendency to assign military men to civilian positions, to sit at roll-top desks and perform office routine, gains ground unless it is watched. To make provision for filling the vacancies created by indispensable army duties, outside active service, is, of course, another matter."

General Mills's report seems to be attracting the most serious attention. He shows that our coast artillery corps is less than a third as strong as it ought to be for the manning of our defenses. While 1,754 officers and 41,800 men are needed, the corps which has this duty to perform consists of only 525 officers and 13,700 men. "Our army is small compared with those of other nations," comments the *Providence Journal*, and "it is all the more necessary that our first line of defense should be made as strong as possible and kept in the highest state of efficiency." "The need of an increase in the Coast Artillery," says *The Army and Navy Journal* (New York), "is universally conceded," but it fears that Congress will attempt to obtain it without increase of cost. "We can only hope that it may be dominated by a sufficient patriotism and common sense," says *The Journal*, "to reject any resort to the fatuous policy of robbing Peter to pay Paul, or to increase one branch of the military service by reducing another." But the *Charleston News and Courier* declares that if the "matter is brought squarely down to an issue, Congress will not prove itself to be so hopelessly penny wise and pound foolish as to refuse to adequately man plants which it has spent hundreds of millions of dollars in erecting."

REORGANIZING THE MUTUAL.

ILL-HEALTH and advancing age are given by Mr. Richard A. McCurdy as his reasons for resigning the presidency of the Mutual Life Insurance Company. He intended to resign last June, he says, "but the serious disturbance which previously had



RICHARD A. MCCURDY,

Who says his resignation is prompted by ill-health and old age.

arisen in life insurance affairs rendered it, as I believed, my duty to remain at my post." He now finds, however, "that in attempting to serve this company for the full term of my office, I overestimated my physical powers," and his doctors tell him "that unless I immediately retire from active business occupations my health will become so further impaired as to jeopardize my life." So he resigns. The resignations of several other relatives, at the same time, however, are not explained by any allegations of old age or illness, and the

cause for them is left to the imagination of the newspapers, which, howbeit, are not slow to think of reasons. To say they "resigned" is a euphemism, declares the *Milwaukee Sentinel*—"to all intents

and purposes the McCurdys are thrown out by the company's trustees acting in obedience to the demand of public opinion and for the interests of their company."

"That which causes surprise is not that they now withdraw, but that the withdrawal has been so long delayed," says the *New York Globe*, and it adds:

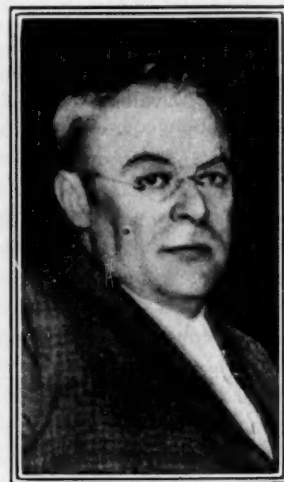
"The lesson written large by the retirement of President Alexander of the Equitable and of President McCurdy of the Mutual Life, and such other retirements as are yet to occur, is obvious. An insurance officer does not do enough if he is no worse than other men in business. He must have higher ethical standards and be possessed of a nicer sense of propriety. Above all, he must be satisfied with his salary. If his fortune does not grow fast enough out of his savings he must retire and seek other occupation. He can not at the same time pursue indirect personal profit and be true to the obligation of the trusteeship. An insurance presidency must no longer be considered a short cut to great riches."

The *New York World* and *American* are urging that the McCurdys, and other insurance magnates who are entangled in the net of the investigating committee, be sent to Sing Sing. The *New York Times*, however, thinks Mr. McCurdy deserves considerable credit. It says:

"A man thinking only of himself might have refused to 'retire under fire.' Mr. McCurdy evidently took thought about the interests of the company and its policy-holders. Those interests would have suffered had he struggled to retain his place. He is advanced in years, and in the natural course of human events his retirement could not have been long postponed. He has wisely decided not to make a contest over the matter or to engage in a struggle which could have ended but in one way. For that he deserves full credit."

"PEOPLEIZATION" OF TRUSTS AND CORPORATIONS.

THE article by Judge Peter S. Grosscup, of Chicago, in *The American Magazine* for December on "Who Shall Own America," is the most elaborate and interesting attempt he has so far made to explain his scheme to diminish the evils of trusts and corporations by the "peopleization" of these concerns. The arguments advanced by the Judge in support of his scheme are founded on his often repeated belief that the enormous wealth accumulated by corporations has a *status* of its own, and that consequently all laws that relate to property should carefully distinguish between corporate and individual ownership. The failure to make this distinction has, in the Judge's opinion, been a fruitful cause of trouble. Instead of putting the great new domain of corporate property under a policy that would secure its wide and equitable distribution, as was done in the case of the public lands through the wise and uniform homestead act, the Government allowed it to become subject to a mass of conflicting, unjust, and poorly conceived corporation laws. "The corporation, as soon as born out of the loins of the State, was abandoned and left to shift for itself." Men were given liberty provided the corporate form was chosen, "to plunder and resort to a cunning of the higher order that, bluntly imitated by ordinary cunning, would have brought the individuals employing it without delay to the bar of justice." "A region practically lawless, so far as law can be designed to promote the distribution of ownership," was thereby attached to the country, in which "it came to be the almost universal practise that the



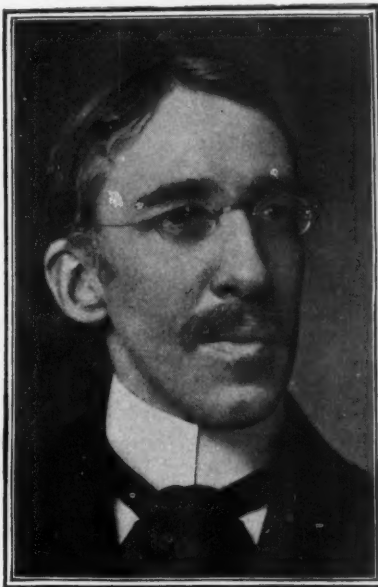
SENATOR WILLIAM W. ARMSTRONG,

Chairman of the Investigating Committee. He cautions policy-holders not to give up their policies.

whole of the new value [added to property], and mined and coined out of a shrewd idea put in execution went to the men who had conceived the idea." Barring city real estate, more than half of the country's property passed into corporate ownership. Securities were issued one set over another, so that if expectations given out at the organization of the corporation were disappointing, the men on the inside still had the securities that were valuable, while the public on the outside found itself in possession of "the wilted and fallen exfoliations." So the unhealthy condition results that "with few exceptions, the man who works with his hands does not even own the tool that is in his hands; and . . . to the extent that private property is an institution, the laboring man has become almost an alien." To this is largely attributed the money madness—the mania for the "unearned dollar," the strained relations between labor and capital, and the rabid envy and hatred of the unfortunate for the prosperous.

However, in spite of these facts, and strange as it may appear in the light of foregoing statements, Judge Grosscup says that "the bulk of the wealth of the country is still in the hands of the people," who consequently "have the financial means to possess themselves at fair prices of enough of the new great domain of corporate property to make it as widely individualized as are the farms of America." The people own the wealth that constitutes the large bank deposits. They own the largest portion of the nation's bonds, and State, city, county, school and road district bonds; and they also own a large proportion of railroad and other corporation bonds, besides having immense sums invested in insurance and trust companies. But while they own this prodigious fund of assets, they nevertheless have but little if any control over it. Says Judge Grosscup:

"Now what is the relation of the people, the owners of this great wealth, to the corporate enterprises that have been floated by that wealth? Are the owners part proprietors or copartners in those corporate enterprises? Not at all. The deposits remain the



JUDGE PETER S. GROSSCUP.

Under corporation law, he says, men are given liberty "to plunder and resort to a cunning of the higher order that, bluntly imitated by ordinary cunning, would have brought the individuals employing it, without delay, to the bar of justice."

wealth of the people. But the corporate enterprises founded upon that wealth, nurtured by it, without access to which the corporate enterprises would themselves be impossible, are the exclusive property of the few who have been able to obtain the ear of the directors of the insurance companies and the banks. True the deposits of the people have been *transmuted* into the means of proprietorship, the medium being that huge fiscal funnel that, presenting its opening to the wealth of the entire country, narrows down at the outlet as it approaches active proprietorship, to those only who are its chosen beneficiaries. But such transmutation is not in the direction of the Republican ideal that the property of the country should be owned by the people of the country. And the fact of significance is that this narrowing transmutation is on the increase—enormous increase."

This situation, however, clearly indicates that the rich men of the country are the country's borrowers from men and women in the ordinary walks of life: so Judge Grosscup contends that all that is necessary in order to restore peace and contentment, assure continued prosperity, and avert the national peril which is threatened by corporation evils, is to place the control of corporate property in the hands of the people who actually own it, and then provide for its equitable distribution. The Judge, however, is opposed to State control of corporations, as "this vision is far too narrow and too short to comprehend what the problem really is." He also is against federal license "which Mr. Bryan, Commissioner Garfield, and possibly Mr. Roosevelt favor," because it could do no more than "to curb the present corporation to the end that it travel not ungoverned in the matter of prices." And he has not the least use for Socialism in any form, because, says he, it violates a human instinct [the desire for individual ownership] amounting to a passion as old as the world itself; and otherwise is contrary to the laws of nature.

Judge Grosscup's remedy is national incorporation. Only through a power as strong as the national Government could a reconstruction be brought about that would be universal and satisfactory in



CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT.
—Gratbill in the Duluth Herald.



"BUCKING THE LINE."
—May in the Detroit Journal.

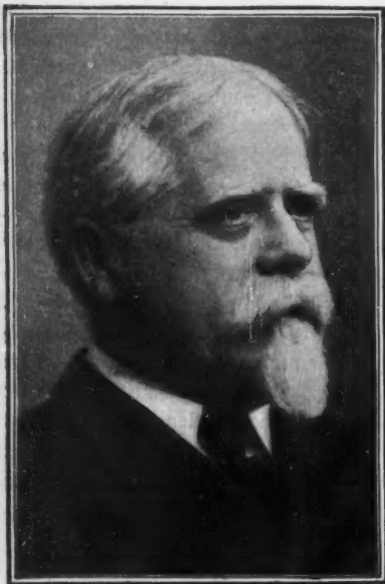
ATTITUDE OF THE RAILROADS ILLUSTRATED.

all respects. As for the details of such a federal law, the judge suggests that it should require that a corporation be organized "along lines of simplicity," that a provision be made "to interest labor in ownership," and another "for a Government exchange, or a private exchange under Government supervision, through which securities of national corporations could be bought and sold"; and over and above all, "the corporation, being trustee for its owners, the Government must be given opportunity to exercise a constant watch that the trust be executed." Had this been done at the beginning, says Judge Grosscup, there would never have been a corporation issue in politics.

SHANGHAING ON THE CHESAPEAKE.

THE investigation of the death of three longshoremen on an oyster dredge near Deal Island, Md., under circumstances which indicate to newspaper observers that they had been foully dealt with by their masters, has brought to light the startling fact that a veritable system of "white slavery" prevails in the oyster

business in the upper waters of Chesapeake Bay. The newspapers, and particularly the *Philadelphia Press*, have adduced volumes of evidence showing that the oyster-boat captains have not only treated their men with great brutality and injustice, but that they also recruit their crews by "shanghaing," through unscrupulous characters under the guise of shipping agents, the outcasts and unfortunates who haunt the river fronts of Philadelphia and New York. This nefarious trade and outrageous practise are spoken of as having been going on for a long



EDWIN WARFIELD,
Governor of Maryland who admits that Shanghaing is a common and long-established practise in Chesapeake Bay.

time. The *Philadelphia Telegraph* says that "the tales of brutal coercion and even murder which are now being told are simply repetitions of what has been told for years." Gov. Edwin Warfield, of Maryland, who is now taking steps to put an end to the evil, speaks of "the wholesale taking of life, and inhuman and almost barbarous treatment of men regularly enrolled as seamen aboard oyster-boats" as a common practise of long standing which has cost "more than three thousand lives"; and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* remarks:

"There is really nothing unique about the stories of brutality that come out of Chesapeake Bay. Some instances where men have been shanghaied and driven to their deaths on the Baltimore oyster-boats have just come to light in such a manner as to hold the attention of the public, that is all. As a matter of fact this sort of thing has been going on for many years. Outrageous treatment of the men, cruelties almost beyond belief, murders that have been common enough—this constitutes the normal life aboard a Chesapeake oyster-dredger.

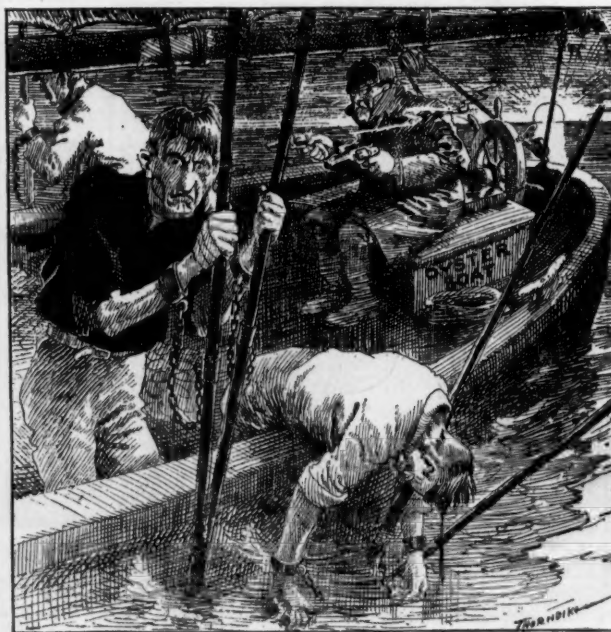
"All this has been known to the authorities, and yet nothing has been done. It is the shame of Maryland. The old sea tales of the period when the oceans were plowed by sailing-vessels and steamships were unknown were always filled with the horrors of life before the mast under brutal captains, but even buccaneering days could not furnish examples of cruelties more atrocious than to-day accompany the search for oysters in the Chesapeake. So

difficult has it become to secure crews that men are lured to Baltimore from Philadelphia; that raw immigrants just landed on the docks are drugged and thrown aboard an oysterman and driven to work under blows.

"This inhuman, this barbarous system has never been broken up. Under the noses of the authorities in Baltimore shanghaing has been going on. The stories of cruelty brought back by half-starved and badly battered crews have gone for naught. Baltimore has been content to let matters alone. The State of Maryland can maintain an oyster navy to drive boats from forbidden grounds and to prevent Virginia dredgers from encroaching on Maryland territory, but there is never any time to search out the brutes who commit crimes and carry on in so high-handed a manner."

The oyster dredging business is now at its height; and Marshal Langhammer, of Baltimore, reports that large numbers of impressed and maltreated seamen have escaped and come to him asking for assistance, justice, and revenge. "The stories I have heard from the lips of these poor wretches," says the marshal, "have been heartrending"; and they convince him that the rumors of "brutality aboard the oyster fleet are not exaggerated." The wrongs which seem to be most commonly perpetrated by these "iron-hearted, hard-fisted sea wolves of the Chesapeake" upon their employees are to underfeed, overwork, threaten, beat, and whip them, and finally to cast them ashore without paying them the wages agreed upon. The methods resorted to by the shipping agents to lure the shanghaied seamen aboard are graphically illustrated by the following story related by a man named Grim, who was "crimped" by an agent in Philadelphia. Says this victim, as quoted in *The Press* of that city:

"I was engaged by a runner in the shipping office in Front Street, below Walnut. There were about twelve of us who were taken out to the Baltimore & Ohio station. Before going there they gave us some rum—that was the worst stuff I ever tasted. On the way to Baltimore half the men were drunk. When we reached Baltimore we were hustled into a wagon and taken to an office, where tin cups of rum were again given us. Then we were taken aboard a small launch and brought to the oyster-boat. We were no sooner on the boat before the captain and his two sons began their brutal treatment. The captain had a double-barreled shotgun, and day after day he threatened to throw us overboard. William Merz, who came from this city, was on the boat, and was sick from the first. He would have died in the hold of the vessel if we had not made a determined stand to have him sent ashore. They gave him water to drink in which cabbage had been boiled two days before. Another man was sick, when the captain dragged



ALL QUIET ON THE CHESAPEAKE.
—Thorndike in *Philadelphia Press*.

him across a pile of oysters by the neck. He declared that if he didn't stop playing sick he would send him where he couldn't see daylight. A negro on board was assaulted by the captain's son and was brutally beaten and kicked."

The Philadelphia *Press* declares in its report on the situation that it is openly charged in Maryland that political influence is largely responsible for the long toleration of the Chesapeake Bay outrages. "In many instances," says *The Press*, "State officials have shielded the guilty captains." Other papers are also inclined to take this view, and furthermore seem to think that on account of the great political power which is possessed by the men engaged in the oyster-dredging business, the State of Maryland will be unable single-handed to suppress the trouble. Hence a call has been made upon the federal Government for assistance, which Governor Warfield has heartily endorsed in the following words:

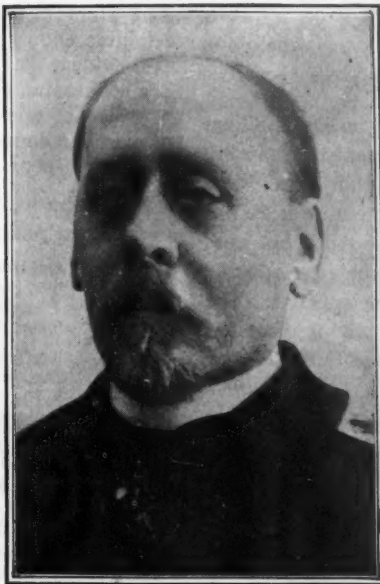
"As Governor of the State of Maryland I will welcome an opportunity to confer with President Roosevelt, Governor Pennypacker, and any other State or Federal officials who wish to see eliminated a despicable system, unparalleled for brutality."

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE BATTLE AT SEBASTOPOL.

THE sea-fight between the mutineers and the Government at Sebastopol on November 29 disclosed for the first time in a fairly definite way the extent to which the revolutionary spirit has permeated the naval and military forces of the Czar, and for this reason it is looked upon by the American press as one of the most important events that has occurred during the struggle of the Russian people for liberty. Had the mutineers won the victory, or had they gained position through the refusal of Vice-Admiral Chuknin and General Gakomelski's men to attack them, our papers, as their tone clearly indicates, would have declared that the cause of the Czar was hopeless. But since the majority of the troops remained loyal, and fought with a fury and determination that finally caused the overwhelming defeat of the mutineers, with a loss of 5,000 men killed on both sides, our papers seem inclined to think that the outlook is still dark and discouraging for the revolutionists. The New York *World* says that the Russian people should refrain from "armed rebellion" and confine their efforts to "agitation and organization" until the army is won over. This is also the opinion of the Cleveland *Leader*, which observes:

"The vital question of the hour, as to Russian chances and changes, is the nature of the ordeal through which the Czar's great empire must pass before settled conditions, on a sound basis, can be established. As to that much depends upon the army. If it stands true to the imperial government, Count Witte will be given such physical mastery of the situation as he needs for a fair test of his program and his ability to solve the tremendous problems that confront his country. If the army should break away from the Czar, chaos might come, and that speedily."

On the other hand, there are papers which believe that if the army should become so thoroughly disaffected as to revolt, the event would add more confusion to the present disorder and necessitate the appointment of a dictator to prevent the complete "debacle" of the nation. But, says the New York *Sun*, "it is not even certain that a dictator could check the drift of the empire toward political and social disintegration." In fact, the gross bestiality and cruelty of the Russian mobs, and the apparent inability of the revolutionists, in spite of their earnestness, to settle



VICE-ADMIRAL CHUKNIN,
Who put down the mutiny at Sebastopol.

upon any orderly and definite course of action, are leading the American press generally to accept the sentiment expressed by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* that the Russian people show a lack of preparedness and incapacity "for the grave responsibilities which are inseparable from liberty and self-government." So, says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "as a matter of fact the situation seems to be entirely beyond control"; and the New York *Evening Mail* thinks that there is no telling what the outcome will be since "revolution in Russia has not been following the accepted path to a familiar end," but "makes its own laws" and "leaves its own landmarks" which furnish no guide to the future. The disgust and doubts felt by the American press on account of the brutalities and ignorance of the Russian people are ably expressed by the Indianapolis *News*, which says:

"The present situation in Russia is terrible beyond description or adequate conception. Every day brings news of fresh outbreaks,

and 'on horror's head horrors accumulate.' It is a mixture of anarchy and chaos, of mutiny and massacre, of revolution and rapine, every day ending with a forecast of worse to come. Nothing at all approaching the situation has been seen during the present generation. The Turkish atrocities in Armenia were mild and sporadic outbreaks in comparison. The horrors of the Sepoy mutiny in India, or of any other war of recent times are not to be mentioned in the same day. We must go back to the French Revolution for something to compare to the present situation in Russia, and even that was not so widespread in extent nor so fierce and destructive in spirit. Events now transpiring mark the beginning of a revolution, the end of which can not be foretold. That it is part of the plan of Providence for the advancement of mankind, no one can doubt."

TOPICS IN BRIEF.

WHEN Platt was ruler in the land,
And graft was coming thick,
In passing through his able hand
Did any of it STICK?
Did ANY of it stick?
DID any of it stick?—*The Chicago News*.

ADVOCATES of the present style of football will find that the President is great at interference.—*The Chicago News*.

It is suggested that the pretender to the Russian throne may be insane. No doubt about it.—*The Los Angeles Express*.

THE anarchist can take a look at Russia and see what the style of government he favors is really like.—*The Washington Star*.

PRESIDENT McCALL's offer to return \$235,000 to the New York Life is not exactly proof of innocence.—*The Detroit Journal*.

A REPORT from Seoul says the Korean emperor has agreed to Japan's terms. Evidently there are humorists in Seoul.—*The Chicago News*.

'TWOULD be a graceful thing for the republic of Panama to recognize the independence of the Isle of Pines.—*The Atlanta Constitution*.

ON the year's showing St. Petersburg is now about five strikes and six riots ahead of Chicago, almost a commanding lead.—*The Detroit Journal*.

KING CHRISTIAN of Denmark has five thrones in his family. That seems to be introducing the McCurdy idea into Europe.—*The New York World*.

IT is taken for granted, since the new king of Norway has chosen the title of Haakon VII, that there have been six other Haakons.—*The Kansas City Times*.
THE Czar is naturally anxious to restore order and have everything going on smoothly before the arrival of Colonel Bryan next summer.—*The Kansas City Journal*.

THAT Detroit infidel who unveiled a statue to Satan in his front yard probably has a sneaking notion he is squaring himself for the hereafter.—*The Atlanta Constitution*.

THE railroads are understood to sympathize deeply with the proposition to make the tariff the leading question during the coming session of Congress.—*The Atlanta Journal*.

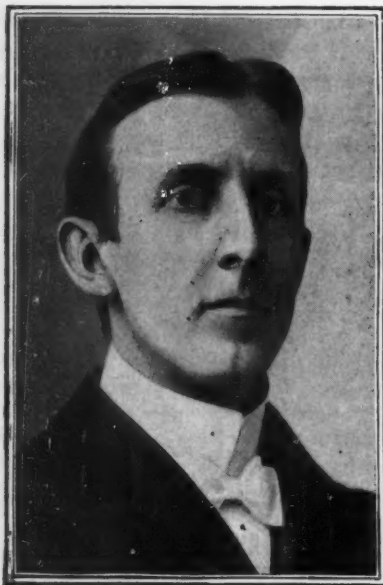
AN editorial quoted in *The American Hebrew* for November 3 from *Vogue*, and quoted in these columns on November 25, was inadvertently credited in our article to the former journal.

LETTERS AND ART.

ECCLESIASTES AND THE RUBAIYAT.

LOVERS of FitzGerald will be interested in Dr. William Byron Forbush's method of illustrating the spiritual kinship he discovers between Omar Khayyam and the author of the Book of Ecclesiastes. Dr. Forbush does not rest content when he has analyzed and compared the ideas of these two authors, but goes on to present to us portions of the wisdom of Koheleth clothed in the same metrical form in which FitzGerald gave us Omar. The Book of Ecclesiastes, says Dr. Forbush, "is not popular"—a

statement questioned by *The Evening Post*—"and yet it is the most modern book in the Bible." Altho it is "absolutely bare of all reference to the priests, the prophets, or the heroes of the Hebrews," it is nevertheless, says Dr. Forbush, "thoroughly Hebraic in soul." On this point, writing in *The Biblical World*, he continues:



REV. WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH, PH.D.

"The reason why the 'Rubaiyat' has become a fad and almost a religion," he says, "and the reason why Ecclesiastes has persisted in the canon, in which it is the only contribution of a skeptic, is because these books 'face the Unseen with a cheer.'"

Renan regarded it as the most Jewish book in the canon. Its purview is Hebraic: only 'the things that are under the sun.' Its search is introspective, and it is the only subjective book in the Bible except Job."

Seeking its analogies in other literatures, Dr. Forbush places it in the class with "Byron, Heine, Pascal, and Omar Khayyam." But while Byron "bemoans himself," Koheleth is "concerned with the world-sorrow." Heine "saw as distinctly as the writer of Ecclesiastes the world's vanity, but he chose to accept it in a spirit more elvish and romantic and less sincere." Of them all it is the Persian Omar who offers "the closest analogies to this Hebrew poet-philosopher" who preceded him by more than a thousand years. "In Omar we read the heart of the tired-out Oriental sensualism; in Koheleth, the weariness of the played-out tragedy of Hebrew nationalism." We read further:

"The study which the two poets make has the same subject. It is life, 'the things that are done under the sun.' The view is not that of the idealist, always smiling, vague, voluble; but that of those who will not blink nor be blind, who care nothing for traditions or for authority; 'too wise,' as John Hay has said, 'to be wholly poets, and yet too surely poets to be implacably wise.' Omar has been stirred to speak by his scorn of philosophical futilities; but Koheleth is moved rather by social abuses. Each writes largely in the form of proverbial sayings, disconnected and discursive. Each assumes a representative capacity in his discussion of the universe. Omar was not a mere writer of wine-songs. The fact that he has been called a freethinker, a pantheist, an orthodox Moslem, a Sufi, a *bon vivant*, a man of learning, a politician, a gentle rhapsodist, shows how many-sided was the nature and the thought of him whom Dr. Bjerregaard calls 'a Socratic *accoucheur*.'"

The Hebrew title of Ecclesiastes is 'Koheleth,' a word with a feminine ending from a verb meaning 'to gather in assemblies.' It is evident that this title is intended to indicate that the author is a spokesman to or for a multitude.

"Each of these poets dwells upon the unending and apparently purposeless circuit of life from birth to the grave, and of the tire-some repetitions of human experience from age to age."

Dr. Forbush illustrates this point by the following "transliteration" of the prologue to Ecclesiastes in the meter of FitzGerald:

Out from the Cavern of a dreamless Deep
The People huddle like to witless Sheep;
Like Cloud Heaps past the hoary-headed Hills
They flit, as Phantoms to the Realms of Sleep.
The pilgrim Sun bends bravely to his Quest,
But, breathless, finds at night the self-same West.
The River, cradled in the Mountains, roars
Seaward, but sleeps at length upon the Crest.
The Sea that smites the Stars with spendthrift blows
Flings back upon itself in white repose;
The wearied Wind that swoops on cormorant wings
Round and around in tiresome Circles goes.
Through that same treadmill Circle all things pour,
Charm'd by the droning Bagpipes heard of yore,
The well-worn, whirling figures of the Show
Play to tired Eyes their Melodrama hoar.
Like Snowdrops falling in the unmarking Sea.
Like Flowers that bloom to fade where no men be,
Like sands that gulf an unremembered Shrine,
So fall, so fade, so fail our Works—and We

But with the resemblance there are differences. We read:

"Both would 'take the Cash and let the Credit go.' But Ecclesiastes is a much more austere book than the 'Rubaiyat.' While Koheleth agrees with Omar that 'a man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry,' yet he does not, like Omar, exalt 'wine, the sovereign alchemist.'

"Neither does the writer of Ecclesiastes share Omar's desire for a loved one beside him 'singing in the wilderness,' to remake a paradise. More bitter than death is 'Woman, that snare whose heart is a net, whose arms are fetters.' Ecclesiastes is strictly a bachelor's book. You may remember that St. Jerome said that it was for middle-aged people.

"The reason why the 'Rubaiyat' has become a fad and almost a religion, and the reason why Ecclesiastes has persisted in the canon, in which it is the only contribution of a skeptic, is because these books 'face the Unseen with a cheer.' They help us on rainy nights and amid November recollections to make a cheery mastery of fate."

To quote again from Dr. Forbush's transliteration of Koheleth's thought:

Would I exchange this Wisdom-Hunger, tho,
For all the easy calm of Those-who-know?
Or barter the wild surges of my Soul
For ordered throbbings of a heart in tow?
Yet Kings and Subjects do like shadows flit
Before the awful Throne where He doth sit.
From Earth's flat sieve we fall like desert sand.
Who knows if He above regardeth it?
We kneel and fall before His shadow'd sill.
The very Hinges with our yearnings thrill.
Our soundest knowledge is, 'We know Him not,'
Our safest eloquence is, 'Peace! be still.'

Lanier as an Artistic Pathfinder.—In his new "Life of Sidney Lanier" Mr. Edwin Mims claims for the poet the credit of a pioneer in relation to several phases of our artistic and intellectual development. "He is the one man of letters in America," we read, "who has had an adequate appreciation of the value of music in the culture of the modern world." As tho a prophet in his own country, says Mr. Mims, he was one of the first to emphasize the importance of the orchestra and its possible development; he sought to introduce music into the college course of study because of its cultural and religious value; and as a teacher of English literature he outlined a scheme which appears to have anticipated the popular lectures now given in New York city and the University Extension courses common to such universities as those of Chicago and Pennsylvania. "It is a striking fact," continues the

writer, "that every subject Lanier wrote about has more and more engaged the attention of scholars since his time." Thus the compilation of a book of Elizabethan sonnets, which was for long a pet plan of Lanier's, has been recently executed by Mr. Sidney Lee, the well-known English Shakespearean scholar. Lanier was also, we are reminded, the American pioneer in the study of the novel form, while his "Science of English Verse" opened a new field in the constructive criticism of poetry.

THE DRAMA VERSUS THE NOVEL.

THAT the twentieth century may see the supremacy of the novel as an art form seriously challenged by the drama is a suggestion advanced by Mr. Brander Matthews, professor of dramatic literature in Columbia University. As we glance down the long history of literature, writes Professor Matthews, we can not but notice that different literary forms have, at different times, achieved a sweeping popularity, absorbing at such times talents to which they were not naturally congenial. Thus at the beginning of the sixteenth century in England the drama was dominant. Two hundred years later the essay gained ascendancy, to be supplanted in turn by the novel, which still holds the field. Of the way in which the novel came to its own, and of the wide scope it has permitted itself, Professor Matthews, writing in *The North American Review*, says:

"Altho the art of fiction must be almost as old as mankind itself, the prose novel, as we know it now, is a thing of yesterday only. It is not yet a hundred years since it established itself and claimed equality with the other forms of literature. Novelists there had been, no doubt, and of the highest rank; but it was not until after 'Waverley' and its successors swept across Europe, triumphant and overwhelming, that a fiction in prose was admitted to full citizenship in the republic of letters. Nowadays, we are so accustomed to the novel and so familiar with its luxuriance in every modern language that we often forget its comparative youth. Yet we know that no one of the Muses of old was assigned to the fostering of prose-fiction, a form of literary endeavor which the Greeks did not foresee. If we accept Fielding's contention that the history of 'Tom Jones' must be considered as a prose-epic, we are justified in the belief that the muse of the epic is not now without fit occupation.

"Indeed, the modern novel is not only the heir of the epic, it has also despoiled the drama, the lyric, and the oration of part of their inheritance. 'The Scarlet Letter,' for example, has not a little of the lofty largeness and of the stately movement of true tragedy; 'Paul and Virginia,' again, abounds in a passionate self-revelation which is essentially lyric; and many a novel-with-a-purpose, needless to name here, displays its author's readiness to avail himself of all the devices of the orator. In fact, the novel is now so various and so many-sided that its hospitality is limitless. It welcomes alike the exotic eroticism of Mr. Pierre Loti and the cryptic cleverness of Mr. Henry James, the accumulated adventures of Dumas and the inexorable veracity of Tolstoy. It has tempted many a man who had no native endowment for it; Motley and Parkman and Froude risked themselves in imaginative fiction, as well as in the sterner history which was their real birthright. And so did Brougham, far more unfitted for prose-fiction than Johnson was for the graceful eighteenth-century essay or Peele and Greene for the acted drama. Perhaps it is a consequence of this variety of method, which lets it proffer itself to every passer-by, that we recognize in the Victorian novel the plasticity of form and the laxity of structure which we have discovered to be characteristic of the Elizabethan drama."

Nevertheless, says Professor Matthews, the drama, "the most democratic of the arts," has always had a powerful fascination for the novelists, "who are forever casting longing eyes on the stage." We read further:

"Mr. James himself has tried it, and Mr. Howells and Mark Twain also. Balzac believed that he was destined to make his fortune in the theater; and one of Thackeray's stories was made over out of a comedy acted only by amateurs. Charles Reade called himself a dramatist forced to be a novelist by bad laws.

Flaubert and the Goncourts, Zola and Daudet wrote original plays, without ever achieving the success which befell their efforts in prose-fiction. And now, in the opening years of the twentieth century, we see Mr. Barrie in London and Mr. Hervieu in Paris abandoning the novel in which they have triumphed for the far more precarious drama. Nor is it without significance that the professional playwrights seem to feel little or no temptation to turn story-tellers. Apparently the dramatic form is the more attractive and the more satisfactory, in spite of its greater difficulty and its greater danger.

"Perhaps, indeed, we may discover in this difficulty and danger one reason why the drama is more interesting than prose-fiction. A true artist can not but tire of a form that is too facile; and he is ever yearning for a grapple with stubborn resistance. He delights in technic for its own sake, girding himself joyfully to vanquish its necessities. He is aware that an art which does not demand a severe apprenticeship for the slow mastery of its secrets will fail to call forth his full strength. He knows that it is bad for the art and unwholesome for the artist himself, when the conditions are so relaxed that he can take it carelessly. . . .

"In other words, the novel is too easy to be wholly satisfactory to an artist in literature. It is a loose form of hybrid ancestry; it may be of any length; and it may be told in any manner—in letters, as an autobiography or as a narrative. It may gain praise by the possession of the mere externals of literature, by sheer style. It may seek to please by description of scenery, or by dissection of motive. It may be empty of action and filled with philosophy. It may be humorously perverse in its license of digression—as it was in Sterne's hands, for example. It may be all things to all men: it is a very chameleon-weathercock. And it is too varied, too negligent, too lax to spur its writer to his utmost effort, to that stern struggle with technic which is a true artist's never-failing tonic."

Sidney Lanier asserted that the novel was a finer form than the drama because there were subtleties of feeling which Shakespeare could not make plain and George Eliot could. But Professor Matthews answers:

"Is there no rich variety of self-analysis in 'Macbeth,' one may ask, and in 'Hamlet'? Did any novelist of the seventeenth century lay bare the palpitations of the female heart more delicately than Racine? Did any novelist of the eighteenth century reveal a subtler insight into the hidden recesses of feminine psychology than Marivaux? It may be true enough that, in the nineteenth century, prose-fiction has been more fortunate than the drama, and that the novelists have achieved triumphs of insight and of subtlety denied to the dramatists. But who

shall say that this immediate inferiority of the play to the novel is inherent in the form itself? Who will deny that it may be merely the defect of the playwrights of our time? Who will assert that a more accomplished dramatist may not come forward in the twentieth century to prove that the drama is a fit instrument for emotional dissection? . . .

"The art of the dramatist is not yet at its richest; but it bristles with difficulties such as a strong man joys in overcoming. In this sharper difficulty is its most obvious advantage over the art of the novelist; and here is its chief attraction for the story-teller, weary of a method almost too easy to be worth while. Here is a reason why one may venture a doubt whether the novel, which has been dominant, not to say domineering, in the second half of the nine-



PROF. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

He suggests that "the supremacy of the novel may be challenged by the drama more swiftly than now seems likely."

teenth century, may not have to face a more acute rivalry of the drama in the first half of the twentieth century. The vogue of the novel is not likely to wane speedily; but its supremacy may be challenged by the drama more swiftly than now seems likely."

A SUICIDE EPIDEMIC ON THE FRENCH STAGE.

SINCE the first novelties of the Paris dramatic season were referred to in these pages, a curious and remarkable phenomenon has occurred on the stage of the French capital. It is nothing less than a suicide epidemic. The playwrights have become pessimistic, morbid, not to say bloodthirsty, the Parisian critics say, and they think it time to call a halt. Last year optimism prevailed—sweetness and light reigned, and every complication was happily solved by the dramatists. Whence the sudden change in the outlook and temper? it is asked on all sides. "A tragic ending," says the critic of *Le Figaro*, "has become the rule" at this time, and the correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette* (London) wonders at this "species of fury against the human race," which "slays at the least provocation." The latter goes on to say in commenting on the newest French plays:

"It is very largely a question of temperament, no doubt, but it may be asked whether the brutal verities of life do not find too large a place at this moment upon the French stage. It is a fashion that has only grown up of quite recent years; it was the first breakaway from the romanticism and the earlier classicism that, up to that moment, bound the theater in bands of steel. In the early days of Victorien Sardou the theater was a 'closed' profession. It needed, no doubt, some heroic efforts to break through the old and hidebound usage; but the ground being now clear and the last remaining prejudice swept away, why not return to the older, more wholesome and sweeter traditions of the stage? Indeed, I but express a current opinion here when I say that the world is sick of the horrors in four acts and awaits some new prophet of the reaction."

These and similar comments refer to Leon Grandillot's "Vers l'Amour" (literally, "Toward Love") Henri Bernstein's "La Rafale" ("The Squall"), Henri Bataille's "Marche Nuptiale" ("The Wedding March"), and Jules Lemaître's "Bertrade."

All these plays are praised as literature and criticized as art. They are not thesis-plays, but studies of situations and characters, and the playwrights are accused of making their pictures too dark and too painful—darker than the reality.

The plots of the plays named may be briefly narrated:

In "Vers l'Armour," a brilliant and popular young painter, Jacques Martel, meets a girl, Blanche, who works as a dress model in a store. He falls in love with her, but he does not treat the affair seriously. He soon abandons her and consents to marry a society girl, Yvonne. Accident brings him and Blanche face to face again, and as a result the projected marriage is declared off. Some years pass; Jacques once more meets Blanche, who is married to an old, austere, and correct officer. She is not happy with her husband, but grateful for the position he has given her in society. Jacques is more in love with her than ever; she has merely a passing fancy for him. It is he who is the sufferer now, and it is Blanche who neglects him and treats his passion lightly. Her indifference troubles and exasperates him, and at last, vainly yearning for love, he determines to commit suicide. We leave him gazing at a lake into which he is presently to throw himself.

The critics are divided as to the qualities of this play. That of

the *Mercur de France* is impressed with the skill of the construction, the fine dialogue and the seriousness of the whole drama, which "profoundly moves the spectator."

Bernstein's "La Rafale" is a variation upon a stale and disagreeable French theme. It tells the painful story of a woman who leaves an uncongenial husband and follows another man, whom she loves and with whom she expects to be happy in a union condemned by the law and public opinion. It ends in a tragedy—the woman's suicide, and illustrates the truth that the wages of sin is death. The play is strong and dramatic, but presents no new feature of modern life or morals. Bataille's "Marche Nuptiale" is in a different category. In outline the plot is as follows:

Mlle. Grace de Piersans is a young girl of a noble and distinguished provincial family. She is ardent, somewhat mystical, and capable of self-sacrifice and enthusiasm. She falls in love with her music teacher, a poor, awkward, socially inferior young man. She follows the music teacher to Paris and enters with him upon a sordid, hard, miserable existence. He can scarcely make a living, but Grace is heroic, devoted, high-minded, and there is something maternal in her affection for her insignificant husband. She finds it necessary to ask the husband of a former school friend of hers to give Marillot some employment, and that person no sooner does her this favor than he insults her by advances of an infamous character. These she repels with great dignity and the man humbly apologizes and promises to so conduct himself as to deserve her full pardon.

After a time Grace visits Mme. Lechâtelier, her friend, and in the course of her new experiences she realizes that she no longer loves her husband and does love her friend's husband. The discovery startles and profoundly agitates her. Too loyal and sincere to act a base part, she knows that her fatal marriage means life-long misery. Her new love is reciprocated, and she is passionately urged by Lechâtelier to yield to her heart and seek happiness with one worthy of her. This being, for her, a degrading alternative, she commits suicide.

The character-drawing in this drama is subjected to much criticism, and various inconsistencies and improbabilities are pointed out in the plot. In spite of these, the play is effective and moving.

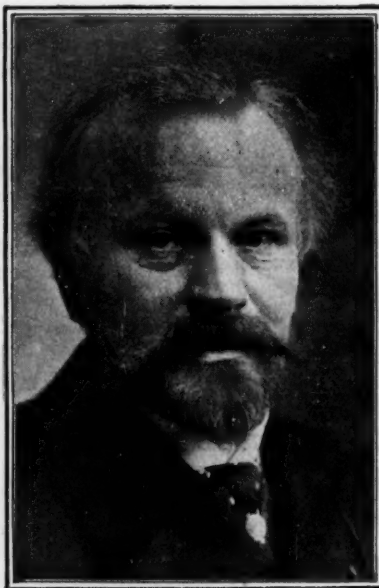
Finally, Jules Lemaître's "Bertrade," which is called a comedy, imposes a death sentence on a proud duke who, in these commercial days, can not save or preserve his honor in any other way. This is the story in brief:

The Duke de Mauferland is a ruined aristocrat of the "old school." He has squandered his sister's fortune as well as his own, but he refuses for a long time to trouble himself about vulgar money matters. He is pressed by his creditors, however, and some means of escape must be found. His only daughter, Bertrade, who has been brought up away from home and has not known any parental affection, can solve the problem by marrying a self-made millionaire who has asked for her hand. She loves another, and firmly declines to sell herself. Even the prospect of her father's bankruptcy and disgrace fails to move her. There is another way out—the widow of a wealthy Austrian baron, a former actress with whom he had had an intrigue in his wild-oats period, wants to marry him. She purchases all his debts, and he practically consents to accept her offer, notwithstanding

her past, but too well known to him.

Bertrade interferes, however, and by an appeal to his sense of self-respect and decency upsets the arrangement. What solution remains? Ruin can not be averted honorably, and so the duke shoots himself.

This is Lemaître's second play since he withdrew from political and nationalist agitation and resumed literary activity. Last year he produced a delightful comedy of artist life which had



JULES LEMAÎTRE.

The most widely known of the French playwrights who have contributed to the "epidemic of suicide" on the Parisian stage this season.

much charm of atmosphere and won a distinct success. "Bertrade," while, according to the critics, replete with characteristic touches showing the hand of a literary master, is inferior in construction and deficient in dramatic interest. The subject, too, is rather antiquated, even if the cutting of the knot by suicide be a new departure for the class of plays depicting the conflict between the old nobility and the new power, high finance.—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

THE LESSON OF BOUGUEREAU'S ARTISTIC FAILURE.

THE work of that widely popular French painter, W. A. Bouguereau, who was discussed at some length in these columns at the time of his death, moves Mr. Frank Fowler to some interesting remarks on the futility of great technical gifts when divorced from artistic sincerity. As a corollary to this Mr. Fowler suggests that a uniform suavity of expression, such as Bouguereau's art exemplifies, is incompatible with any deeply felt message or emotion on the part of the artist. "Artists of unflinching purpose," he writes, "have wrought persistently, humbly, but have found no ready and prescribed method by which to interpret noble moments and aspects of nature." Such artists have eventually acquired "a language by which to express themselves," but "this medium has been freighted with too stirring messages to admit of a uniform suavity of utterance." Of Bouguereau, on the other hand, Mr. Fowler says: "In the whole range of painting we have yet to discover so even a performance as Bouguereau has left to the world." He continues (in *Scribner's Magazine*, December):

"Feeble Gainsboroughs, slipshod Sir Joshua, tentative Rembrandts, indifferent Van Dykes, tight and unsupple pictures by Velasquez are not unknown to us; but who can point to a moment when Bouguereau is not entirely master of himself and of his technic? No false note (from his premises), no searching, no hesitation here! Not for him the emotions, the agitations, the wrastlings that have disturbed so many workers in the field of painting for the past thirty years, during which experimental period much light has been thrown on the various aspects of nature and the very manipulation of paint as a means of interpreting them."

Yet Bouguereau consistently falls short, says Mr. Fowler, of "that mysterious quality which stands for high art"—a quality which has at times been achieved by "rare natures which could neither draw nor paint in the conventionally accepted meaning of such competency." The gist of Mr. Fowler's contention would seem to be that technic without temperament is even more futile than is temperament without technic. We read further:

"Rubinstein, who, in his impassioned playing, could be guilty of a false note, so thrilled his hearers beyond the impeccable performance of a virtuoso that he was readily forgiven; for at his touch meadows smiled, brooks murmured, larks sang and soared away. Suggestion, feeling, emotion, all those elements of our nature which, when stirred, provoke a glow that is healthful and sane, were called up by the master, and we were correspondingly grateful. This indeed is the function of the artist—this it is to create—to furnish a means of recreation in others. There are many ways of doing this, but to be potent, it must spring from the source of a truly artistic temperament."

In further explanation of Bouguereau's failure to impress other artists, Mr. Fowler suggests that he "felt life pictorially, not really." On this point he goes on to say:

"He made pictures of things, not characteristic impressions

which were felt as human situations humanly observed. A peasant was to him a pretty object placed in a pretty scene, not a human being of the soil and living on the fruit of his labor. No ardent sun has tanned this creature's skin, nor has toil indurated and distorted his form. No feelings are evoked in regarding this presentation but those of superficial pleasure at the conventional skill displayed by correct drawing and fluent brush-work.

"In mythological, ecclesiastical, religious, or *genre* subjects it is the same—a pictorial portrayal of a given theme, not an interpretation of a situation, a page of life. And as the end is merely pictorial, there was little need of Bouguereau exhausting himself on intense preoccupation and study of the myriad aspects of the natural world under varying conditions. We all know of a painter who has passed years in interpreting a single scene at different hours of the day—steeping his soul and the soul of the beholder in mysteries of light. Our present painter, with a perfect pencil-study of his composition and his forms, might have dispensed with further reference to the outside world than that already made by him and still complete his pictured theme. He is perfectly

equipped to do this, has been almost from the beginning; and it is this faculty which has caused us to allude to him as of one of arrested outlook. Given technical proficiency and an incuriousness concerning the subtle beauties and charms of the surrounding world, and one may produce readily, prodigiously, prodigally, and in the sequel please readily and prodigiously those who have not been trained to see finely and to exact keenly those qualities in art which stand for distinction."

Bouguereau's failure to win the approval of his contemporaries in art, says Mr. Fowler, throws some light on "the value of an artist's naïve and earnest attitude in the presence of nature and on the futility of great science and skill if unaccompanied by this personal equation of sincerity." Here was a man "of superlative technical competence" who appeared unstirred by nature and who was "content to employ his unquestioned skill upon themes unwarmed by a spontaneous emotion." "Nowhere," exclaims Mr. Fowler, "do we feel that this painter has been stirred by one subject more than by another."

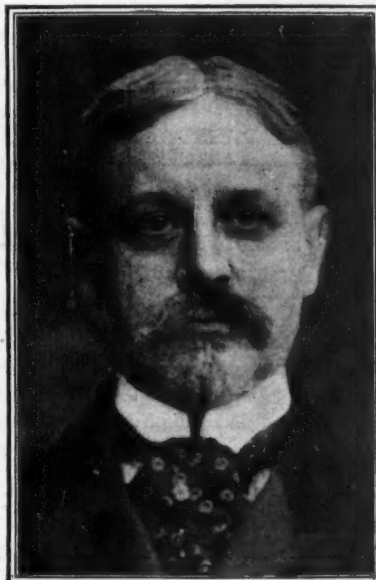
The lesson of Bouguereau's artistic failure, says Mr. Fowler, is applicable to literature as well as to painting. "Literature," we read, "is another art that through too fluent production threatens, in many instances, to stultify the taste and blunt the judgment of the very audience it should illuminate and instruct." Fluency of speech in this particular, he asserts, seems in inverse ratio to the importance of the statement made. He quotes a recent writer who, in speaking of "easy producers" in the field of literature and the fate they finally meet with, says that "this may very well be the revenge that time takes upon them to make up for the amount of space they happen immediately to occupy."

NOTES.

By some inadvertence, credit was omitted from an article in last week's issue entitled "Where Man Fails as a Novelist." This was condensed from "Women's Clothes in Men's Books," in *The Critic*.

An interesting feature of the notable Shakespearean revival that the present dramatic season is witnessing is the production of "King Lear" by Robert Mantell at the Garden Theater, New York city. This play, we are told, has not been seen in New York for seventeen years.

ACCORDING to Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), who is now lecturing in this country, there would be some excuse, in England at least, for a "a professorship of satire" at each of the principal seats of learning. The understanding of irony, she says, seems to have suffered an eclipse during the last half century. As illustrative of this particular phase of obtuseness she cites the way Plato has been taught in the English schools. She says: "The most ironical utterances of Plato and satires on Paganism more overwhelming than the hardest cynicism toward Christianity in the works of Voltaire or Anatole France, have been preached in seriousness as tho the very evils he satirized were admirable, and the very moral he conveyed was immoral."



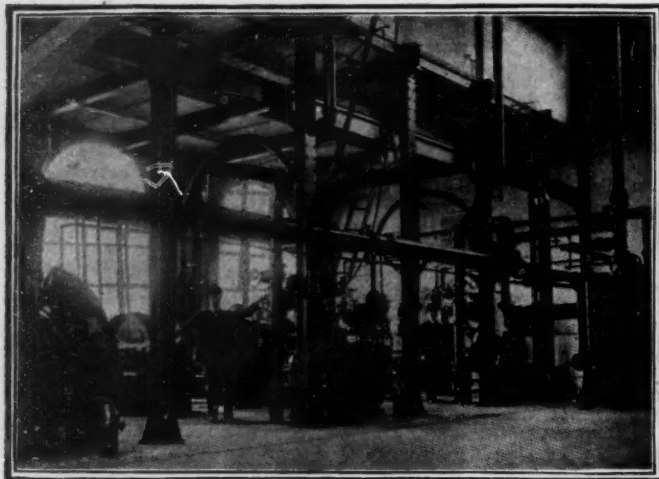
MR. FRANK FOWLER, N. A.

Bouguereau's paintings, he argues, emphasize the futility of technic without temperament.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

MAKING GOOD USE OF RUBBISH.

THE use of combustible rubbish as fuel to operate an electric plant has been attempted for several years past in various European cities with more or less success. The first American city to experiment along this line is New York, where two such plants have now been put into operation by Commissioner Woodbury of the Street-Cleaning Department. One of these, which



Courtesy of "Electricity."

GENERATING STATION OF NEW YORK'S MUNICIPAL LIGHTING PLANT.

lights the new Williamsburg Bridge over the East River and also heats the neighboring public schools in winter, is described in *Electricity* (New York, November 15) by Irving Thomson. Says this writer:

"Both plants make a point of consuming rubbish collected from the streets. This rubbish might be described as consisting of the following: Paper of all descriptions, including cardboard; wood, including old furniture with its stuffing, barrels, boxes, etc. . . .

"The plant illustrated was started up on October 30. It is situated directly under the new Williamsburg Bridge at Delancey Street and the East River. The equipment is contained within two buildings, one housing the furnaces and boilers, the other providing accommodations for the generating plant. The first building covers an area approximately 150 feet by 70 feet, and is 30 feet in height. In it the rubbish is received on the lower floor, and is dumped directly from the street wagons on to an endless conveyor, which carries it up an incline to a platform above the furnaces. This conveyor travels at the rate of 60 feet a minute, and, as it carries the waste material upward, a gang of sorters pick out the material which in their experience would interfere with combustion. Several men and boys are stationed on either side of the conveyor, making the final sorting process a means of eliminating such unwieldy articles as would be likely to clog the chutes leading to the furnaces or limit the intensity of the active combustion.

"When the matter reaches the top of this conveyor it falls on a sheet-iron platform containing openings which lead into three of the four furnaces. Through these three separate chutes the rubbish is pushed down by men with shovels. Owing to the draft caused by the chimney, built in connection with this plant, of a height of at least 80 feet, there is no possibility of the heat or flames coming up through these chutes and affecting the workers above. Back draft in this construction has been entirely eliminated, thus supplying an indispensable element of safety in conjunction with this class of work.

"Along the outside of the building an inclined wagon way has been constructed, which is used only by the drivers whose wagons contain material requiring neither picking nor sorting. . . .

"Such material as large pieces of lumber, entire barrels, old sofas and chairs, etc., which could not be dropped down through the chutes are thrown directly into the furnaces through the firing doors on the lower floor. The light and highly combustible nature of the material consumed, in conjunction with the heavy draft

caused by the chimney, prevents any unusual waste of heat when the furnace doors are opened."

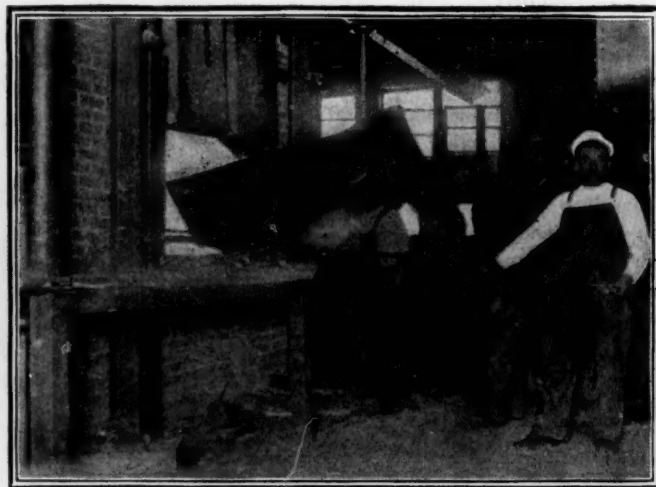
A novel feature is the direct separation of the furnaces from the boilers, resulting not only in complete combustion and consequent absence of smoke, but also in the possible use of the furnaces simply as rubbish crematories, when it is not desired to generate steam. When steam is to be made, furnaces and boilers are joined by opening dampers in a series of short flues. To quote further:

"Calculation . . . would tend to show that every wagon-load of 1,000 pounds of rubbish dumped into the furnaces would develop 125 horse-power hours. An estimate of the number of horse-power hours required in the form of electrical energy to do the lighting of the bridge would be a means of calculating the number of wagon-loads of rubbish necessary to provide an adequate supply of heat energy. On the basis established, derived from the figures given, about fourteen 16 candle-power incandescents, or two enclosed arcs, could be lit one hour from the heat obtained by the combustion of eight pounds of rubbish. Both the labor bill and the rate of depreciation must be included in any calculations giving rise to practical data on the subject."

The furnaces consume material that the city used to pay to get rid of, and this now not only produces valuable light and heat but also residues of combustion that are sold as fertilizers. Tobacco-growers find this quality of ash of particular service to them in their industry. In addition, much of it is placed on scows and used on the water front for filling. It should be noted that to make this kind of rubbish disposal profitable, it is necessary that householders should not mix their combustible and incombustible refuse. This separation was first required in New York by Colonel Waring, and to him are therefore due the thanks of the community for taking the first steps toward what appears to be a great piece of municipal economy.

THE BED OF THE NIAGARA RIVER.

THE recent Canadian hydraulic operations at Niagara, necessitating the construction of immense coffer-dams, which have laid open to view considerable areas of the river-bed, have put us in possession of information, regarding this part of the river, that would have been impossible otherwise to obtain. In



Courtesy of "Electricity."

PLACING AN OLD LOUNGE IN THE FURNACE.

an article contributed to *The Electrical Review* (New York, November 11), Alton D. Adams reminds us that by far the greater part of the river finds its way through the Canadian channel, so that while the American fall has occasionally been completely dried up by ice-jams in the rapids, thus exposing the bottom of the

American channel, the greater depth of the Canadian channel has kept its fall in continuous operation. He says:

"Mystery hangs over the Canadian channel. No bridge spans it. No boat has ever crossed it. None of the many unfortunates that have made its fatal descent has returned to describe its breakers. To-day its greater portion remains as unexplored as when Father Hennepin, in 1679, first saw that 'great and prodigious cadence of waters which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel.'

"In its course of 3,000 feet over the cascades above the Horseshoe Falls Niagara River descends fifty-five feet. With 222,000 cubic feet per second as the total normal discharge of the river, and with ninety per cent. of this discharge going down the Canadian channel, the volume there is 199,800 cubic feet per second. This volume of water falling fifty-five feet does work at a rate of somewhat more than 1,370,000 horse-power, or more than twice the ultimate capacity of all the electric plants under construction about the falls.

"This great power is expended in breaking and grinding up the hard limestone of the river-bed. Results of this work of the water were exposed to view by the building of coffer-dams outside of the proposed intake works of the Ontario Power Company at the Dufferin islands, and of the Electrical Development Company a little farther down stream, near the shore of Queen Victoria Park. By the coffer-dam of the former company some twenty acres, and by that of the latter company about twelve acres of the river-bed were for the first time laid bare to the view of man. Not only was the bed-rock found to be much fissured and worn into peculiar hummocks and pot-holes, but great fragments of the limestone ledge, measuring one to several yards in each dimension, were found loose on the bottom, as may be seen from the views herewith. This quarrying by the water in the river-bed is pushing the rapids as well as the falls back toward Lake Erie."

By these operations, Mr. Adams tells us, the first accurate data as to the depth of water in the Canadian channel have been obtained. A ship drawing sixteen feet of water once went over Horseshoe Falls, but the construction of the coffer-dams has shown that this depth is much less than the maximum. To quote again:

"From the head of Niagara River at Buffalo to within a mile of the falls the deepest part of the channel has about twenty feet of water. . . . In order to construct its works, the Electrical Development Company carried a crib coffer-dam with a length of 2,150 feet out into the river to a distance of more than 500 feet from the natural shore line in Queen Victoria Park. Near its outermost part this coffer-dam reached a depth of twenty-four feet of water, and a bed-rock level of 515 feet above tide. At this point the surface level of the river was thus about 539 feet, and the location was between the first and the second cascade. Below this cascade,



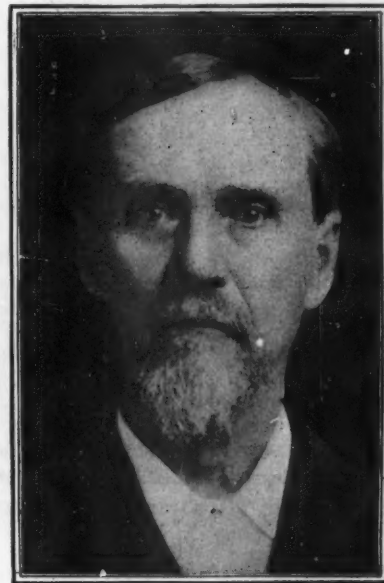
Courtesy of "The Electrical Review."

VIEW OF THE BED OF NIAGARA RIVER LAID BARE BY COFFER-DAM.

about 450 feet from the original shore line, the depth of water was nineteen feet. So strong was the current between the two points just mentioned that it was found necessary to give the stone and timber coffer-dam a total thickness of forty feet, with six feet of clay puddle in between its two sections. At various points off the shore of Queen Victoria Park the velocity of the river current was found to be eight to seventeen feet per second."

THE CLAIMS OF OSTEOPATHY.

DR. A. T. STILL, known as the "father of osteopathy," contributes to *The Independent* (New York, November 9), an account of the principles of that school of therapeutics. In the succeeding issue of the same paper this is answered by Dr. James J. Walsh of the editorial staff of *The Medical News*. Dr. Still believes that his method, which, he asserts, he evolved through many years of adjustment, involves nothing that science will deny and that, given the facts, his conclusions are inevitable. Dr. Walsh, on the other hand, asserts that all of Dr. Still's facts are known to every medical student at the end of his second year and that the cures effected by his method are due in great part to their effect on the patient's imagination.



DR. A. T. STILL,
The "Father of Osteopathy."

Dr. Still's article is taken up largely with a description of the human organism whose distinctive feature, as he looks upon it, is the bony skeleton, arranged on the best mechanical principles, with lubricated joints, elastic pads, etc., so as to withstand external forces in the most effective way. Attached to this skeleton are the muscles, which receive their energy from the blood, in connection with a system of organs whose function is to add to it or take from it certain substances. On the free supply of this fluid depend the life and activity of the tissues. Dr. Still goes on to say:

"Knowing that the death of any structure depended on the cessation of its blood stream and that death could not occur without this, I reasoned that disease, which is really a fractional death, must be due to a partial cessation of the blood-flow from some mechanical obstruction to the artery or vein of the organ primarily affected. Studying hundreds of post-mortem specimens, I found this to be true in every case: that is, there was some derangement of the blood supply, either causing or accompanying all disease processes. From this fact came the first postulate of osteopathy: 'An unobstructed, healthy flow of arterial blood is life.' With this in mind I began to treat my patients by manipulations, to stir up the blood supply of those organs, such as the liver and bowels, which were easily reached. I got some results, but realized that I was only on the first round of the ladder. I had not yet found the real underlying cause of disease.

"I knew that it was due to the comparative purity of the blood in three men who, when exposed to the same disease, one died, one recovered, and the third did not even become ill; but what was back of this condition of the blood?"

Further study, Dr. Still says, showed him that the selection and absorption of the food, and all the other activities that influence the blood, are controlled by the nervous system and that all the bodily functions are carried on by and have centers in the cord which gives off a pair of nerves between each pair of vertebrae. To quote further:

"These nerves passed out through very small openings, called foramina, and through these same openings between the vertebrae

passed in the blood-vessels supplying the cord. Through these tiny openings, then, went all the vital impulses between the cord and viscera, and also the gross nourishment of the cord. Through them went life.

"Here, as nowhere else, would an apparently minor condition cause widespread results, and here I found most of the mechanical derangements that I knew must precede disease. I say most, because other mechanical lesions, such as contracted muscles, tumors causing sciatica, constipated colon causing varicocele, etc., do occur, but at these foramina we find the seat of nine-five per cent. or more of the lesions. The lesion consists of a slip or sub-luxation of a vertebra causing a change in the size of the foramen and consequent interference with the nerves and vessels. This theory has been proven a fact by examination, treatment, and cure of thousands of cases. That it is possible, no one but a fool can deny; that it is a fact, no one who has thoroughly investigated will deny.

"To end with, believing as we do that the mechanical displacement of the bony vertebræ constitutes most of the lesions causing disease, and since the vertebræ are bones, and since *osteon* means bone, we do not think that 'osteopathy' is such a misnomer for our science as some critics will try to indicate by saying that we believe all diseases start in the bones and are cured by rubbing them."

In his answer to Dr. Still, Dr. Walsh points out that if the claims of the osteopaths are true, ninety-five per cent. of all diseases must be due to some pathological condition of the spinal column. He writes:

"All that is necessary, then, for the medical attendant in ninety-five per cent. of human diseases is to correct this subluxation or slip of the vertebræ. This is, according to the founder of osteopathy, the whole secret of his school of explaining and treating disease. Practically all that has ever been discovered in medicine has been a delusion, or at least it has been so superficial as to be useless. Here is absolute truth at last—ninety-five per cent. of all disease is due to a slip of the parts of the backbone. This new etiology is at least simple enough for all to understand."

Is it possible, Dr. Walsh asks, that physicians, in all their studied investigations of the cause of disease, have missed such a simple truth as this? The spinal column and the lesions that occur in connection with it have been carefully investigated, and the diseases that are specifically caused thereby, such as Pott's disease (causing humpback) and kyphotic heart, are well known. Here, he says, we surely have the lesions suggested by Dr. Still, but the symptoms supposed to be due to them are absent. He goes on:

"The man who runs and reads might think from Dr. Still's article that there had been very little time and study devoted to diseases of the spinal column before osteopathy began its work. As a matter of fact, however, medical literature teems with investigations of all kinds devoted especially to the spinal column and its various pathological conditions. . . . The medical journals show hundreds of careful studies of the spinal column made every year with the most careful search made for any such causes of disease as Dr. Still speaks of, with young men in every country only too anxious to obtain reputation by some such startling observation yet without confirmation of his ideas."

The cures effected by osteopathy Dr. Walsh classes with those brought about by Christian Science or by faith-healing. He says:

"As a matter of fact, most people who suffer from chronic ailments can be cured by almost any means from which they confidently expect relief. It is from among this class of persons that the cures made by Christian Scientists are recruited. The healers only persuade their patients that they have nothing the matter with them, and straightway they begin to get better, and eventually are entirely relieved. At least as many patients have been cured by Christian Science as by osteopathy in this country. Were the ailments of such persons, therefore, imaginary? Not entirely. Their sense of discouragement, however, prevented their nervous system from exercising sufficient control over certain tissues to enable them to throw off low-grade pathological processes. If the mere influence of suggestion, the only remedy of Christian Science, can accomplish so much, it is easy to understand how much may be expected from similar suggestion aided by the influence upon

the mind of the repeated, systematic manipulations of an osteopath in whom confidence is reposed. The chronic sufferers who become the vaunted cures of the osteopath now belong to the same class that have always in all ages enabled the irregular practitioner of medicine to point with pride to his cured patients, and so gain new adherents for his system. In all the history of medicine, however, not a single therapeutic measure of enduring value has ever been introduced to the notice of the medical profession in this way."

That the regular medical profession is opposed to osteopathy as a method of treating disease, as the general public seems to think, Dr. Walsh explicitly denies. He says:

"Any manipulations that will aid in the cure of disease, any rubbings that by favoring the circulation to certain parts will relieve symptoms, any massage or other physical measures that will help suffering humanity, the medical profession is not only perfectly willing, but ever ready to accept and adopt. There is only one reason for the opposition to legislation that would allow osteopaths to treat disease. The human body is, as Dr. Still says, an extremely complex machine. Those who spend a lifetime in its study are only too ready to acknowledge how little they know about it at the end. If physicians are to practise medicine and treat disease with any hope of success, they must as far as possible know all that is known up to the present time about the body and its diseases. If the osteopaths will but pass the ordinary State board examinations in medicine, the regular profession will be only too willing to let them practise the cure of disease as they think best."

A VALUABLE TREE—THE MAHWA.

As a reliable commercial source of sugar, the flowers of the Mahwa tree (*Bassia latifolia*) of India are being brought into notice. The following description of the tree and of the numerous products that it yields are from a translation, published in *The National Druggist* (St. Louis, November) of a lecture delivered by Professor Voight before the Natural Science Society of Hamburg, Germany. He said:

"The Mahwa, as a nut-bearing tree, has been known for many ages. In the Laws of Manu the priesthood of India are forbidden to indulge in *madhvi*, a fiery liquor made from the fruit, and in the 'Collection of Indian Remedies,' by Suruta, we are told that the tree yields a sugary paste, from which a fermented drink is made.

"It belongs to the sapotaceæ [star-apple family], the family to which belongs the very important gutta-percha tree of the Malay Archipelago, and is found only in the northern border of India, where it grows clear to the foot of the mighty Himalayas. It grows from 50 to 65 feet high, and is one of the few deciduous trees of that region. Its blooming period lasts from the end of February till April. Quickly after the pollen is formed, the whitish tubular flowers swell to balls about as large as a cherry, which contain a large amount of invert sugar (honey). The flower tubes fall, covering the ground in the greatest profusion. They are eagerly gathered by the natives and eaten. A tree yields from 200 to 300 pounds of flowers, which, when dry, weigh about half as much, and occupy about one-fourth as much space.

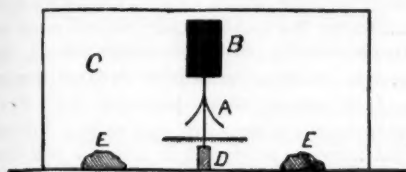
"The land is leased to the natives, and as the region where it grows is of a poor and stony soil, the tree constitutes an important source of food.

"The fruit is usually mixed with rice and thus eaten. The dried flowers have very much the taste and appearance of raisins. They are exported to Europe as a curiosity, and are also used as food for animals. Distillation yields a large percentage of spirits, which diluted with water makes '*davvu*,' a native whisky very much used. It comes on the market in oaken barrels, and is highly esteemed by Europeans, who claim that it equals the best whisky. Almost every village has its distillery. In the island Carougo, just outside of Bombay, some 60,000 to 80,000 rupees are invested in stills alone.

"Beside the flowers the seed are of considerable use. They contain a fat of butter-like consistency, which serves as a food stuff. It is called '*mowra*,' and the crude stuff is known as *illipe*, and is used by the Europeans largely for making candles, soaps, etc. The wood is very hard and lasting, and is much used for making the wheels of the native bullock carts."

ELECTRICITY AND ODORS.

THAT strong perfumes may act to prevent the discharge of an electrified body through the atmosphere has been recently proved by a French experimenter, Mr. A. Baldit. He suggests that if this research be properly followed up it may throw light on the character of the odorous particles thrown off by substances



ELECTRICAL MEASUREMENT OF ODORS.

that give out perfume. Says the writer in an account of his experiments contributed to *Cosmos* (Paris): "Modern theories . . . have made us familiar with various kinds of corpuscles; but there is one kind that has been known since the world began, and yet its physical study is very backward—I mean the corpuscles that emanate from odorous substances. The study of these bodies by means of the balance is very difficult, as may be seen when we realize that such a substance as iodoform gives off in a hundred years a weight of odorous matter equal to about one-thousandth part of its total. But electric methods, which are so sensitive that they enable us to weigh bodies whose mass is a thousand times smaller than that of the atom of hydrogen, furnish us data of great interest regarding the nature of these corpuscles.

"It is well known that the theories of 'ionization' explain how an insulated electrified body may lose its charge by the impact of electrified particles (ions) which are always present throughout the atmosphere in greater or less numbers.

"If we cause an almost imperceptible cloud of smoke to pass near such a body, the discharge decreases very sensibly and almost instantaneously, resuming its former value when the smoke has disappeared. This is explained by the diffusion of the atmospheric ions toward the particles of smoke. These ions, which are free to move in any direction, are now surrounded with an escort of relatively huge particles, which retard their motion.

"It may be understood that this method may give valuable indications regarding the nature of the particles composing the smoke-cloud, as well as regarding their size and number. It may also be applied to the emanations from odoriferous bodies; thus, the following experiment has been performed:

"A is an electroscope surmounted by a cylinder of blackened brass (B). C is a glass jar covering the whole apparatus. The cylinder B is charged with a rod of resin and the time is measured during which the leaves of the electroscope A approach by a certain number of divisions. Then the odorous substance is placed under the jar and the experiment is repeated. . . .

"Altho these measurements were made in unfavorable weather and only on a single substance, vanilla, we have found a sensible diminution of the loss of electricity. We finally sought to find whether a perfumed substance charged with electricity diffuses more odor than in the neutral state, but the impression of odor is too subjective to enable us to give an affirmative answer without a very great number of measurements.

"We think that it would be interesting to resume these measurements under better conditions. Among other experiments, it would be interesting to see whether the particles of odorous substances may serve as nuclei of condensation . . . in a humid atmosphere. Researches of this kind may throw a new light on the physical rôle of perfume in plants, whose physiological rôle is already known."

—Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

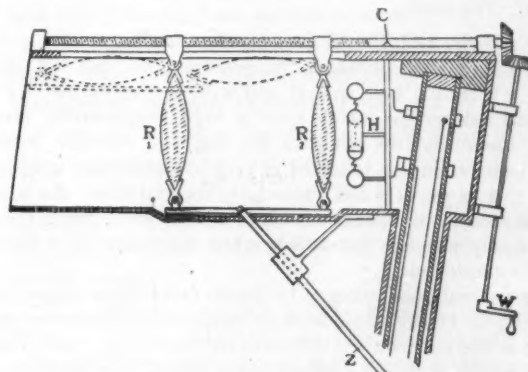
Sweetened Wood.—The use of sugar as a preservative is familiar to all those who love jam and preserves. That it may serve to keep from decomposition other substances of organic origin is shown by its recent use in the treatment of wood to be used for building purposes. Of this Jacques Boyer writes as follows in *La Nature* (Paris, October 21):

"Wood exposed to atmospheric influences rapidly decays. To remedy this, engineers and builders adopt numerous methods. Those most used hitherto consist, in principle, in impregnating the planks or timbers with very energetic dialyzable antiseptics,

insoluble in water, not injurious to the woody fiber, easy of injection, presenting no danger in manipulation and forming with the wood stable chemical compounds. In America, Haskin even proposes vulcanization. He placed blocks of wood in an hermetically sealed oven and subjected the air to high pressure at a temperature of 300° to 700°. The heat penetrated into the ligneous mass, coagulated the albumin and increased the resistance of the fibers. On the other hand, various railway companies inject their ties with creosote, with zinc chlorid or with copper sulfate, which they find to answer very well. But the method described by the *Leipziger Zeitung* will doubtless obtain a legitimate success as a curiosity, even if not sanctioned by extensive use. The new method of conservation consists in treating the wood with a solution of sugar. According to the inventors, the operation may be applied to all kinds of wood and gives them great solidity. For this purpose the pieces of wood to be impregnated are placed in a cage that may be plunged into a boiler. The latter is then closed and filled with a solution of beet-sugar. The liquid penetrates into the pores of the wood and combines intimately with the woody substance, altho microscopic examination does not show the presence of a single crystal of sugar. The wood is then withdrawn from the boiler and dried in a furnace heated to a temperature depending on the structure of the wood subjected to treatment. The wood thus treated is not porous; it can be worked without shrinking or cracking and seems to be exempt from the attacks of fungi. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the future will justify the optimism of the chemists from over the Rhine. It may be that the lovers of jam should receive our condolences, for the new invention may raise the price of sugar!"—Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

A WIRELESS SHIP-DETECTOR.

AN interesting adaptation of space telegraphy for automatically locating ships in a fog has been invented in Germany, where it is said to have attracted some attention under the name of the "telemobilescope." It is thus described in *The Western Electrician* (Chicago), which derives its data from a report of United States Consul Bardel, of Hamburg. The device is used to enable



THE TELEMOBILESCOPE.

the pilot of a ship to discover the proximity of another vessel even if the pilot of the latter vessel neglects to give signals by which his presence may be known. Says the writer:

"The apparatus works automatically, and after it is once adjusted nothing has to be done until a ship is discovered, when, after a simple mechanical action, the nearness of the other ship may be determined. The principle upon which it is based is that electric waves sent through the ether are reflected by a metallic body in a manner similar to sound waves.

"In the diagram the axle of the apparatus is shown in its normal vertical position, and in that position it remains regardless of the position of the ship. Around this axle, moved by mechanical means, swings a hollow cylindrical body slanting slightly toward the water, and thus continually searching the surface of the ocean.

"Within the cylinder is a wave inductor (H) which is in operation continuously. In order to make the waves travel continuously and in a certain direction the lenses (R₁) and (R₂) are used. Unfortunately, a description of the manner of operation of these lenses and their construction is lacking.

"The 'ray' of waves, something analogous to that of a search-

light, is therefore constantly playing upon the surface of the water. If the waves strike a ship (all ships have metal parts of some description) a reflex action will bring them back to the point from which they started, at which point is located a receiver not shown in the diagram. A metal plate between the receiver and transmitter in the tube prevents the transmitter from affecting the receiver directly. To discover the exact distance of the ship the lenses are turned at varying angles by the handles (W) and (Z) so as to get the strongest reflection, which the indicator will then show in terms of distance."

DIFFERENCES OF BLOOD IN DIFFERENT RACES.

WE are accustomed to say that persons of different races are "of different blood." That this is no mere figure of speech, but a statement of physiologic truth is shown by the interesting experiments of Professor Uhlenhuth, in Germany, in extension of the discoveries resulting in the so-called "precipitin test," which have already been described in these columns. It will be remembered that when an experimental animal, such as the rabbit, is treated with the blood of another animal, the serum will give a precipitate with the blood of the second animal and any other allied to it. This furnishes on the one hand a means of testing blood-relationship (of showing, for instance, that man is allied to the apes) and also of identifying a given sample of blood, as in a criminal case. Now this racial blood-test, as we may call it, has been extended by Uhlenhuth and others until they can not only distinguish the blood of allied animals, but even of individuals of the same race, so that they conclude that every race, and perhaps every individual, has blood possessing its own peculiar chemical characteristics. In order to discriminate between closely allied animals, Professor Uhlenhuth, we are informed by an editorial writer in *The British Medical Journal* (London, November 11), uses serum obtained from some animal related to both. Most interesting are the results that he has obtained by inoculating apes with the blood of man. We read:

"He utilized Old World apes for the purpose, and selected two specimens of *Cercopithecus fuliginosus* and one of *Macacus rhesus*. With the last animal and with one of the two former he has obtained serums which have a high precipitating power for human blood, but do not give the slightest reaction with ape's blood, even when this is tested in very low dilutions, ranging from 1 in 10 to 1 in 50. He has, therefore, secured from these animals a serum which will differentiate man's blood from ape's blood in a decisive way which is impossible when the serum of an inoculated rabbit is employed.

"The general conclusion to be drawn from these observations is that, even in nearly allied animals, important differences must be present in the chemical constituents of the blood. How close the interrelationship must be before these chemical differences disappear is at present an open question. Occasionally the precipitin test has brought out differences in blood constitution even in animals which are zoologically identical. Thus Schütze prepared a serum by inoculating rabbits with rabbits' blood; this serum he tested against the blood of thirty-two rabbits, and in two instances obtained a precipitate. This rare phenomenon, in Professor Uhlenhuth's opinion, . . . ought to be regarded as due to a racial difference in the blood albumens of the animals in question. And similarly, he thinks, chemical differences may be present in the blood of various races of mankind."

Hereditary Memory in Dreams.—That many seemingly inexplicable phenomena in dreams and allied brain states are due to what may be called "hereditary memory" is maintained in *The Literary Guide* by Marsh Beadnell, who thus attempts to explain some of the conditions of mind which at times occur to every one during sleep. Says a reviewer in *The Hospital* (London, November 11):

"He takes first the 'falling-through-space' dream, and points out that after suffering the mental agony of 'falling,' the sleeper

escapes the shock of the actual 'stopping.' His explanation is that the 'falling' sensations have been transmitted from our remote ancestors who were fortunate enough to save themselves, after falling from great heights (tree-tops), by clutching the branches. The molecular changes in the cerebral cells due to the shock of 'stopping' could not be transmitted, because victims falling to the bottom would either be killed outright or die from secondary causes before being able to reproduce their kind. In a similar manner, by reverting to the habits of animals which existed centuries ago, Beadnell finds an explanation for the mental states experienced by individuals in various dreams—the pursuing monster dream, the reptile and vermin dream, color dreams, suffocation dreams, dream passions, flying dreams. It is indeed highly probable that there exists a connection between instincts so-called and some of those complex conditions of the mind experienced in dreams and like mental states. The problem is not merely one for peaceful meditation. An active investigation carried out on scientific lines with a view to throwing light upon the nature and origin of instinct would almost certainly yield valuable and instructive information."

MEN AND WOMEN IN CITY AND COUNTRY.

THERE are more men than women in the United States, but if we take account of the cities alone the excess is the other way, there being apparently a drifting of women from country to city. These facts are brought out in an examination of the last census report by Prof. W. F. Wilcox, of Cornell University. His conclusions are thus condensed and commented upon in *La Nature* (Paris, October 7), which says:

"Since 1850 there has been at each census an excess in the number of men over that of women. This excess has shown a steady increase, with the sole exception of the census of 1870, and this exception is explained easily by the influence of the war of secession, which on the one hand increased the male mortality, and on the other checked immigration. The greatest relative excess was in 1890, when for each 10,000 inhabitants there were 242 more men than women. In 1900 the excess was only 216 per 10,000; but this figure, altho smaller than that for 1860 and 1890, is higher than that of other censuses. As nearly as may be affirmed, it would appear that throughout the whole world there is an excess of men; in America this is greatest, while in Europe there are more women than men.

"Mr. Wilcox examines the differences in distribution of the sexes between cities and the country and reaches this general conclusion: In thickly settled regions there are more women than men, or a tendency toward this state of things; in thinly settled places there are more men than women. Thus, in the States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island and the District of Columbia there are respectively 48.7, 49.1, and 47.4 per cent. of males, while in Wyoming and Montana the percentages are 62.9 and 61.6. Cities have a greater percentage of women than the country; in 1,861 cities with over 2,500 inhabitants the excess of women in 1900 was 201,959, while in the country there was an excess of 1,840,280 men. These tendencies have become stronger since 1890, when, in 1,490 cities of more than 2,500 inhabitants there were an excess of 6,929 men, the excess of men in the country being only 1,519,559. The following table enables us to appreciate the differences better:

1890 in cities, 500 men to 1,000 inhabitants.
1890 in country, 519 men to 1,000 inhabitants.
1900 in cities, 497 men to 1,000 inhabitants.
1900 in country, 520 men to 1,000 inhabitants.

In 1890 the difference in favor of the country was thus 19 men to the thousand, while in 1900 it was 23. Facts of the same order but expressed in different figures are observed in the commercial regions of Western Europe; both here and there we must attribute the movement of women toward the cities to the greater facilities for work that they find there. It is interesting to note that the excess of women in the cities extends to children of less than five years. In fact, in cities of over 25,000 inhabitants there are 503 boys to the thousand; in the rest of the country, 506 to the thousand. Besides the economic factor we must probably take infantile mortality into account here. The mortality of the United States is less in the country than in the city; in the whole country it was, in 1900, 19 to the thousand for men (20 in the city and 15.8 in the country), while for women it was 16.6 to the thousand (17.2 in the city, 15 in the country).—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

MAETERLINCK ON IMMORTALITY.

IN all our thought of immortality, writes Maurice Maeterlinck in *Harper's Magazine* for December, we "return fatally to prowl around our consciousness based upon our memory, the most precarious of all our faculties." That the state of nothingness is impossible; that, after our death, all subsists in itself and nothing perishes; these, he says, are things that hardly interest us. "The only point that touches us, in this eternal persistence, is the fate of that little part of our life which used to perceive phenomena during our existence"—that is, our consciousness or our ego, of which Mr. Maeterlinck writes: "When all is said, the most steadfast point of that nebula is our memory, which seems, on the other hand, to be a somewhat external, a somewhat accessory faculty and, in any case, one of the frailest faculties of our brain, one of those which disappear the most promptly at the least disturbance of our health." Thus "it is on one of the accessory and most transient parts of our whole life that we base all the interest of our after-life." In this, asks Mr. Maeterlinck, "are we not acting like a sick man who, in order to recognize himself, to be quite sure that he is himself, should think it necessary to continue his sickness in his health and in the boundless sequence of his days." "Since humanity began to exist," he continues, "it has not advanced a single step on the road of the mystery which we are contemplating." And he surmises that "there is perhaps possible or imaginable no relation between the organ that puts the question and the reality that ought to reply to it." Nevertheless he submits the following suggestions, which form the crux of his article:

"A nation of men born blind, to whom a solitary traveler should reveal the joys of the light, would deny not only that the latter was possible, but even imaginable. As for ourselves, is it not very nearly certain that we lack here below, among a thousand other senses, a sense superior to that of our mnemonic consciousness in order to have a fuller and surer enjoyment of our ego? May it not be said that we sometimes catch obscure traces or feeble desires of that budding or atrophied sense, oppressed in any case and almost suppressed by the rule of our terrestrial life which centralizes all the evolutions of our existence upon the same sensitive point? Are there not certain confused moments in which, however ruthlessly, however scientifically we may allow for egoism pursued to its most distant and secret sources, there remains in us something absolutely disinterested that takes pleasure in the happiness of others? Is it not also possible that the aimless joys of art, the calm and deep satisfaction into which we are plunged by the contemplation of a beautiful statue, of a perfect building, which does not belong to us, which we shall never see again, which arouses no sensual desire, which can be of no service to us: is it not possible that this satisfaction may be the pale glimmer of a different consciousness that filters through a cranny of our mnemonic consciousness? If we are unable to imagine that different consciousness, that is no reason to deny it. All our life would be spent in the midst of things which we could never have imagined, if our senses, instead of being given to us all together, had been granted to us one by one and from year to year.

"What keeps and will long still keep us from enjoying the treasures of the universe is the hereditary resignation with which we tarry in the gloomy prison of our senses. Our imagination, as we lead it to-day, accommodates itself too readily to that captivity. It is true that it is the slave of those senses which alone feed it. But it does not cultivate enough within itself the intuitions and presentiments which tell it that it is absurdly captive and that it must seek outlets even beyond the most resplendent and most infinite circles which it pictures to itself. It is important that our imagination should say to itself more and more seriously that the real world begins thousands of millions of leagues beyond its most ambitious and daring dreams. Never was it entitled—nay, bound to be more madly foolhardy than now. All that it succeeds in building and multiplying in the most enormous space and time that it is capable of conceiving is nothing compared with that which is. Already the smallest revelations of science in our humble daily life teach it that, even in that modest environment, it can not cope

with reality, that it is constantly being overwhelmed, disconcerted, dazzled by all the unexpected that lies hidden in a stone, a salt, a glass of water, a plant, an insect. It is already something to be convinced of this, for that places us in a state of mind that watches every occasion to break through the magic circle of our blindness; it persuades us also that we must hope to find no decisive truths within this circle, that they all lie hidden beyond. . . . Let us say to ourselves that, among the possibilities which the universe still hides from us, one of the easiest to realize, one of the most palpable, the least ambitious and the least disconcerting, is certainly the possibility of a means of enjoying an existence much more spacious, lofty, perfect, durable, and secure than that which is offered to us by our actual consciousness. Admitting this possibility—and there are few as probable—the problem of our immortality is, in principle, solved. It is now a question of grasping or foreseeing its ways and, amid the circumstances that interest us most, of knowing what part of our intellectual and moral acquirements will pass into our eternal and universal life. This is not the work of to-day or to-morrow; but it would need no incredible miracle to make it the work of some other day."

GROWING DISTASTE FOR HERESY TRIALS.

TWO recent cases in which charges of heresy were brought against Christian ministers, but were not confirmed, may suggest to many readers a growing reluctance on the part of the churches to convict on purely doctrinal points. The instances referred to are those of Dr. H. G. Mitchell (Methodist Episcopal) and Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey (Protestant Episcopal). While the two cases are dissimilar, in each the charge of heresy appears to have been something of an embarrassment to the denomination concerned, and to have resulted in somewhat evasive action.

Dr. Mitchell, who for five years has occupied the chair of Hebrew and Old Testament exegesis in the Boston University School of Theology (Methodist Episcopal), was some time ago accused of holding heretical views and teaching them to his students, his accusers being three ministers and four laymen. In consequence of these accusations the Board of Bishops, while practically acquitting him of heresy, have refused to confirm his renomination to the chair, declaring that "some of the statements [in Dr. Mitchell's book, 'The World Before Abraham'] concerning the historic character of the early chapters of the Book of Genesis seem to us unwarranted and objectionable, and as having a tendency to invalidate the authority of other portions of Scripture." The trustees of the University, on the other hand, are strongly in favor of retaining Dr. Mitchell. *The Outlook* (New York), in its editorial columns, criticizes the action of the Methodist bishops in the following words:

"The bishops, to speak plainly, have yielded to an impulse of moral timidity; they have abridged the freedom of the scholar without courageously saying that free scholarship is dangerous; they have punished a candid teacher without clearly and frankly announcing in what particulars he has offended; they have attempted to stand as defenders of the faith without committing themselves to opposing any specific line of progress. A church has a perfect right to decide that in the schools it sustains and controls the pupils shall be informed that the earth is flat, and that any teacher who declares that the earth is round must be dismissed; if it should do so, it would be entitled to some respect, if not for its enlightenment, at least for its courage of conviction; but the Methodist Church, in this instance, has not openly and bravely stood for a traditional view; it has rather vaguely rebuked a man for the 'unwarranted and objectionable' method by which he has departed from a traditional view."

In the case of Dr. Crapsey, rector of St. Andrew's Church, Rochester, N. Y., a committee was appointed in July to investigate certain "public rumors" to the effect that his teachings were heretical. This committee has only now reported, having failed to find a presentment against the accused, altho "condemning" his attitude. We quote the following passages from the committee's report:

"Your committee. . . has carefully examined the Rev. Dr.

Crapsey's sermon lectures as published in his book, 'Religion and Politics,' his article in *The Outlook* of September 2 entitled 'Honor among Clergymen,' and his reply to a letter of the Rev. Dr. Edward Abbott in *The Outlook* of September 30.

"It was painfully evident that certain passages in these writings were open to inferences which might rightly be deemed derogatory to the Christian faith.

"The Rev. Dr. Crapsey impresses us as being a man who easily surrenders himself to his intellectual vagaries, and the thing which for the time being appears to him to be true he advocates with remarkable eloquence.

"He has now taken up with the theory of 'spiritual interpretation' and the opinions of the extreme rationalistic school of theology.

"His writings indicate that while he recites and affirms his beliefs in the creeds of the Church he virtually sets aside the historical sense in which their Articles have been and are received by this Church, and for it he substituted a 'spiritual interpretation,' claiming to retain the spiritual reality for which Christianity stands while dismissing as indifferent the historical facts asserted in the creeds. . . .

"Your committee is unanimous in its condemnation of the Rev. Dr. Crapsey's position in this matter. . . .

"Three members of the committee think that the book, 'Religion and Politics,' does not contain sufficient evidence to secure a conviction in case of a trial for heresy. . . .

"Two of the committee find in 'Religion and Politics' utterances which constitute sufficient grounds for the presentment of their author. These utterances in their opinion contain a denial of the facts stated in the Apostles' Creed, 'Conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary,' and 'The third day He rose again from the dead.' In their opinion the language of the text admits of no other construction than such a denial."

THE EVOLUTION OF PRAYER.

AMONG the liturgical churches there is noted a progressive tendency toward a reform in respect to the objects for which prayer should be offered. This tendency prompted Mr. L. R. Farnell to investigate the subject of the evolution of prayer, but he finds, as he tells us in his work on the "Evolution of Religion," that in respect to this particular form of worship we have made but an inappreciable advance over ancient religions. Mr. Farnell is an Oxford University lecturer in classical archeology, and a fellow of the Anthropological Society. It is therefore as an archeologist rather than as a theologian that he writes. No part of the religious service of mankind, he says, "so clearly reveals the various views of the divine nature held by different races at the different stages of their development as the formulæ of prayer, or so vividly reflects the material and psychologic history of man." In any inquiry as to the origin of prayer there is involved, he further says, "questions concerning the origin of the belief in a personal divinity, concerning the relation of magic to religion, of the spell-ritual which commands or constrains to a prayer-ritual of humiliation and entreaty." The progressive appearance of different elements in the ritual of prayer might presuppose a corresponding rise from the lower to the higher forms, but the curious condition is noted that "in all religions, whether savage or civilized, lower and higher elements are able to coexist." This statement applies to the form rather than to the spirit of modern prayer. The writer says:

"According to the modern definition of prayer, man addresses uttered or inaudible speech to a divine power conceived as Spirit or God, but always as personal, in order to obtain material, moral, or spiritual blessings: that part of the address that contains the actual prayer will be often accompanied by words of homage, adoration, confession of sin, expressions of doctrinal faith, statements concerning the beneficent operations of the divinity in times past, self-assuring utterances of confidence in divine protection or the divine promise. Tho the formulæ contain much positive statement and are by no means confined to the optative mood, the attitude of the supplicator is always reverential and self-abased;

modern religion reprobates any idea of compelling the divinity; only it generally seals its petitions with the mystic signature of a powerful name. If this may pass as a fairly comprehensive and adequate account of modern or advanced prayer, it will still be found to contain elements that may descend from a very ancient mold of religious thought not easy to reconcile with our higher religious consciousness; and it is no adequate account of the various modes which less advanced societies have used and are still using to express their desires to the supernatural power."

One of the elements, perhaps unsuspected by the majority, that still persists from the earliest forms is that of magic and the magic spell. The savage, says the writer, "having learned from human experience that he can project his will power by an occult process so as to subdue the mind of his fellow man, experiments with this method upon the world of nature and spirits," but "as magic worker he stands on a different footing altogether from the petitioner; his attitude toward the supernatural power is self-confident and imperious, his speech is no prayer but a command. . . . But generally, as the concept of divinity deepens in the progressive race, and the mind becomes penetrated with the consciousness of the littleness of man and the incomparable greatness of God, the worshiper tends to become the humble petitioner and prayer comes to predominate over spell." He continues:

"It has happened in the legislation of the higher religions that magic at last becomes 'suspect' and tabooed; yet the most austere and purified religion often unconsciously retains certain elements of spell-ritual, and even legitimatizes the spell by virtue of the distinction between white magic and black. The distinction is morphologically unsound, and arises generally from *ex-parte* prejudice. We do not find, in fact, if we broadly compare the phenomena of all religions, that cleavage and irreconcilable antagonism between magic and religion which has often been supposed."

The idea that prayer gains potency from the solemn utterance of the true divine Name is found to be common to nearly all advanced peoples, says the writer, and he adds at the same time, it may be traced to a superstitious trait of primitive psychology where the "name is part of the personality, and the soul or power of the individual adheres in it; therefore he who has the name of the person, whether human, superhuman, or divine, can exercise a certain control over him by means of its magical application." It will be with a shock of surprise that one learns where the modern analogue of this function is to be found. To quote:

"We are now enabled to understand the inner force of such prayers as the Psalmist's 'Save me, oh God, by thy name, and judge me by thy strength'; . . . of expressions in the New Testament concerning the casting out of devils and the healing of the sick in the name of Jesus; finally, of the significant baptismal phrase, 'to baptize into the name of Christ,' which reveals the name as a religious potency into which as into a spiritual atmosphere the adult catechumen or the initiated infant is brought. And these facts of Old-World religion and religious logic cast a new light on the name formulæ which close most of the prayers of the Christian Church, and which are words of power to speed the prayer home; and tho the modern consciousness may be often unaware of this mystic function of theirs, we may believe that it was more clearly recognized in the early days of Christianity, for in the apocryphal acts of St. John we find a long list of mystical names and titles attached to Christ, giving to the prayer much of the tone of an enchantment."

Finally, in respect to the present-day inquiry as to the proper objects for which prayer should be used, there is still to be found no strictly new position taken by the worshiper. To quote the writer:

"In the primitive period, when the struggle is to live at all rather than to live well, the objects of prayer must be material blessings, and these are still prominent in the liturgies of the civilized societies. There is a sameness in all these, and the chief distinction to note is between the prayers that look to the individual alone and those that look to the good of the community. A higher stage is reached when moral and spiritual qualities become the object of prayer; and when this is attained, the principle of prayer is likely

to become more and more spiritual, and the petitioner more and more diffident in the expression of his material wants, and with a growing consciousness that the Deity knows best what is good for man, may rise to the height of the formula, 'Thy will be done.' It is interesting to note how in many races some such utterance has been heard; and at times men have been helped to it by the consciousness which scientific advance had awakened, that the laws of the material universe can not be capriciously altered to suit the temporary needs of the individual; a formula of acquiescence appears then to be the deepest and truest prayer. Finally, in the evolution of prayer we consider that the consummation is marked by the theory, maintained by later Greek philosophy and early Christian fathers alike, that the true intention of prayer is not the mere petition for some special blessing, but rather the communion with God, to whom it is a spiritual approach. Here, as often elsewhere, the highest spiritual product of human thought reveals its affinity with some dimly remote primeval concept; for much of the spell-ritual at which we have been glancing implies an idea of such communion, the human agent endeavoring to charge himself with a potency drawn from a quasi-divine source."

MUST MORALITY HAVE A RELIGIOUS BASIS?

THE question whether a code of morality can be drawn up, and obedience to moral law secured without a basis of belief in religion and in God is the topic of a symposium in *La Revue* (Paris), and many of the most eminent men in France have expressed their opinions on the question. Some of them think that moral ideas are an unconscious growth in the individual and spring from collective habits, and social instincts; others are convinced of the close union of faith and morals. Reason is affirmed to be the sole basis of morals by a third class.

The well-known writer Anatole France thinks that morals change with manners even in Christianity, and that legislation is the best system and sanction of morality. He cites the Code Napoleon and says:

"Law, which is the systematization of practical morals, is in Europe quite independent of any religious confession. The Italian minister Minghetti has justly observed that the Code Napoleon reproduces, to a very great extent, the whole of the Roman code as it existed prior to Christianity, but that it is inspired by the spirit of the eighteenth century. Here we have not only a system of morals, but moral sanctions independent of religious dogmas."

Man's character as a social animal determines his moral character, according to Max Nordau, the well-known author of "Degeneration." He thus formulates his views:

"The sane and normal man has social tendencies. The morbid, degenerate man is, on the contrary, unsocial. The first accepts and practises morality instinctively because it is a social institution. The unsocial man is equally averse to morality from instinct, and does not submit to its rules unless compelled to do so. No argument can deprave the man who is good and social by nature, nor morally improve the man who by nature is bad and unsocial. . . . Reason is perfectly competent to keep a social being on the right path."

Jules Lemaitre refuses a definite answer, but says, while confessing that he does not know, he fears that morals can not exist without a belief in God. Nor has Emile Faguet, the famous critic, any firm convictions in the matter. Ferdinand Brunetiere, editor of *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who is a faithful Catholic, points to his works in which he has emphasized the axiom "no morality without religion."

The worship of the goddess Reason "did not hold its place after the revolution," says H. Mézières, "doubtless because it did not satisfy the religious needs of the whole nation. We have no ground for believing pure reason would have greater success among us to-day. Something less dry will always be demanded by souls to whom the ceremonies of religion are a comfort, a prop, and a means of moral support."

It is natural enough that Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, who is presi-

dent of the League against Atheism, should declare that the elimination of God from the intellectual system involves the elimination of morality, a fact established by history. He thus points out the consequences of a theory of morals which does not imply the existence of God:

"We must not be surprised if a theory of morals destitute of theistic ideas, independent of all religious or metaphysical conceptions, should finally land the human race in mere animalism. A morality independent of religious faith is essentially a relative morality, to be discussed, changed, or denied. To transfer morals from the domain of the absolute to that of the relative is not only to degrade morals but to take from any system of morals its force and imperative authority. Skepticism attacks moral beliefs as it attacks religious beliefs; it dissects them and takes them to pieces, one after the other, so that one man's pride and another man's egoism denies real existence to anything. Thus, in imitation of Nietzsche, many of our contemporaries declare under their breath, if they do not venture to declare aloud, that morals, like religion, can be nothing but a superstition, of no use excepting to the common people."

The eminent lawyer Charles Gide believes it might be possible to build a system of morals on the foundation of reason, but as this has never been done, he thinks he had better not give a definite opinion as to how such a system is to be taught and transmitted to those who only live by custom and authority. In contradiction to him, Gabriel Séailles says that we are at present actually living under the *régime* of a morality which is lay and not ecclesiastical, and that we find it a very good system. The war is carried into his enemies' country by Octave Mirbeau, who declares:

"Religions in any country have never been the foundation of morals; they have actually originated everything which is contrary to morals, for they are all founded on lying and blackmail. According to religion nothing is needed by the vilest scoundrel but to repent one second before his death in order to be welcomed into the paternal arms of God, where he receives the eternal joys of heaven. As long as there are gods in the world there can be no system of morals; there can be nothing but a hypocritical pretense of morality."

Mr. Berthelot is by far the most illustrious scientist in France, and he believes that science is the true school of morals, and not religion. He thus expresses himself:

"The effect of scientific knowledge is to give to the people means, first of all, of living, and further, of developing themselves intellectually and casting off the bondage of poverty. But science may be regarded also from another point of view. Its loftiest work is to free men from the dogmas imposed upon them, to give them free thought, the natural result of a scientific education. Science is the grandest school of morals in existence. I insist upon this point, altho we are frequently taught by certain orders of men that morals have been instituted among mankind by religion. This is an error contradicted by history."

The psychologist and physiologist, Charles Richet, a man of European reputation, answers that morals must be a rational system, but at the foundation of every science there are postulates which reason is forced to accept without discussion. He observes:

"A universal system of morals must be founded on principles universally accepted. For instance, you can not bind Brahmins, Jews, Catholics, Mohammedans, and free thinkers to a system of morals whose basis is Protestantism. Hence it follows irrefutably that morals can not be made to depend upon a revealed religion."

The scientist Louis Havet pronounces that reason is the only source of morals, and adds:

"Not only can morals exist independently of religion, but a system of morals can not be instituted without repudiating religion."

All the good that is in religion, according to the popular poet Maurice Bouchor, lies in the morals founded on reason and experience which they have embodied, and which shall eventually survive them.

FOREIGN COMMENT.

THE "BIG STICK" FOR TURKEY.

THE Turk has never more than been tolerated as an intruder on European territory, and, as the *Paris Liberté* says, the intervention of the Powers on behalf of oppressed Turkish subjects has embittered the quarrels of European and Oriental races, and aggravated the disputes between Christian and Mohammedan religionists. The present question in Macedonia, however, is purely a financial one. As the above-quoted paper says, "Europe proposes to inaugurate the administration of the latest functionaries she has invented, and whom she styles financial controllers of the Macedonian vilayets," i.e., provinces, including Salonika, Monastir, and Kossovo. "The first object of these 'controllers' is to protect the revenue of the Macedonians and to keep it in Macedonia." Constantinople has always been draining Macedonia by exorbitant taxation. "Whenever Constantinople has need of money, and you may believe the Porte is always short, Kossovo or Monastir, vilayets of Macedonia, have had to fork out, irrespective of debt or duty."



THE SULTAN.

The "financial controllers" of Macedonia, according to the *Européen* (Paris) have to supervise the collection and disbursement of taxes. The six Powers who signed the treaty of Berlin agreed to their appointment, but they have never been recognized by Abdul Hamid. The financial inspector-general in Macedonia, Hilmi Pasha, having failed to carry out the wishes of the Powers, a new move was thus rendered necessary.

The Sultan, however, has blocked it. This step necessitated a call for the police—"a naval demonstration was decided upon, which was to include the seizure of Turkish custom-houses, a blockade of the Dardanelles, and the landing of troops in an island of the Archipelago."

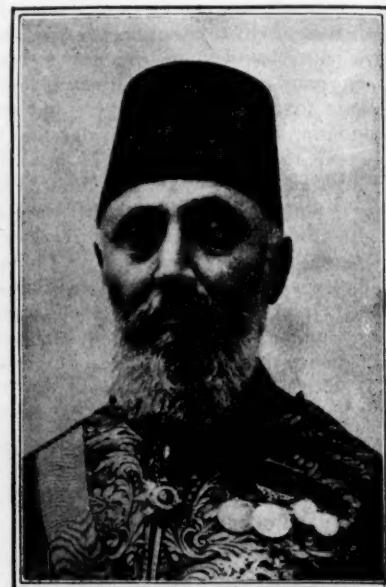
According to the *Hamburger Nachrichten* and the *Fremden Blatt* (Vienna), this demonstration was a sort of "big stick" held over Turkey while certain proposals were being submitted to Tewfik Pasha, foreign minister to the Porte. On the acceptance or rejection of these proposals further action is to depend. In accordance with these proposals the above-cited papers inform us, the European Powers will take complete control of Macedonian finance. They will appoint a fiscal commission, with powers to draw up the budget of the three vilayets of Macedonia, and to impose and collect taxes. They will also undertake the reform and reorganization of the police throughout the country. Izaak Walton says that when transfixing a frog for bait the fisherman must handle him as tho he loved him; so, says the influential Hamburg paper quoted above, will the Powers handle the Sultan in this delicate matter. To quote:

"It is self-evident that the Powers both wish and intend to respect and leave inviolate, as far as possible, the proper prestige of the Sultan. The present political situation, however we regard it, forbids any of the Powers from departing in the slightest degree from the line of procedure agreed upon which would ensure the

stability of the *status quo*. The interests of the Ottoman Empire must before all things be guaranteed."

This doubtless is spoken apropos of Austria's well-known designs upon Macedonia. According to R. A. Scott-James, who writes in *The Fortnightly Review* (London), Francis Joseph wishes to substitute Austrian for Turkish rule in the Macedonian provinces where Austrian trade has so fully established itself. It is through the maneuvers of the government at Vienna that the present "demonstration" has been made under the command of an Austrian admiral. Of Austria Mr. Scott-James says in this connection:

"Her geographical position has given her an advantage over all the other great nations of Europe. Her people are most closely in contact with the Macedonians; her traders have been first on the spot; her wares have been sold in the towns and villages and pushed by an army of commercial agents. Austrian capitalists hold numerous shares in the national debt, and in private business undertakings; the tithes from the land adjoining the railways are appropriated as her security; and the railways themselves are owned, conducted, and manned by subjects of the Austrian Empire. Austria has nothing to gain by any sudden change in the Government of Macedonia, for if the present state of things continues, her securities in the country, and consequently her control of the country, will be such that she will have practically absorbed Macedonia as Russia was in process of absorbing Manchuria. Peace and order being necessary to her plans, she desires just such a measure of reform as will stave off revolution without destroying



TEWFIK PASHA.

The Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs who has all along urged the Sultan to accede to the Macedonian program of the Powers.



THE COALITION AGAINST TURKEY.

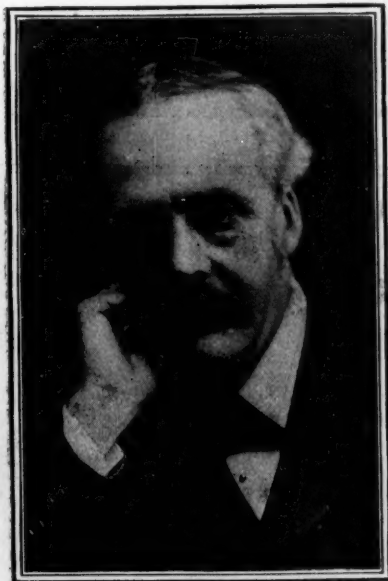
"There is talk, your Majesty, of a European naval demonstration."
"ABDUL HAMID—"Oh, let them do as they have a mind to. I am quite used to that sort of thing."
—Fischietto (Turin).

the supremacy of the Porte; just enough reform to keep Europe from interfering, but not enough to prevent the Macedonians from welcoming the substitution of an Austrian rule for a Turkish."

The *Européen*, in the article quoted from above, remarks that William II. is far too anxious to "ensure the stability of the *status quo*." His omitting to send one of his North Sea squadron to join the fleet of demonstration is interpreted by this French journal to be due to his unwillingness to wound the susceptibilities of "his friend the Sultan," and is thought likely to encourage the Porte in its recalcitrancy. Some English papers share this suspicion and look upon the German Emperor as *tertius gaudens*. That this suspicion is unfounded is shown by the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin), which states that the ultimatum laid by the Powers before the Turkish Government was signed by the German ambassador at Constantinople along with the rest, and that Germany is therefore bound to its enforcement. The same paper explains that Germany has no fleet in the Mediterranean; that it would take eight days for one of her ships to reach the scene of action; that in any case her flag will fly side by side with those of the other Powers, for the school-ship *Stein* is now in the Levant and will join the squadron commanded by the Austrian Admiral von Ritter. —Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

THE NEXT PRIME-MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

THE position of political parties in England at present, according to the London papers, is peculiar. There are three prominent figures on the stage, Chamberlain, Balfour, and Campbell-Bannerman. The great question before them is the tariff problem. Chamberlain stands for protection; Campbell-Bannerman for free trade. The London *Morning Post* well describes Balfour's attitude toward the tariff when it likens him to a doubting Cæsar crossing a divided Rubicon. "It is," says *The Post*, "as tho Cæsar on coming to the Rubicon had found it divided into a main stream separated from himself by a minor channel, and had crossed the minor channel, but declared that he would under no circumstances commit himself either to crossing the main stream or to not crossing it."



ARTHUR J. BALFOUR,

The present Prime-Minister of England whose resignation is daily expected.

goods manufactured abroad free to the British market, while goods manufactured in England have to pay high taxes and growing rates, and thus can not be sold at so cheap a price. The boots which the unemployed might be making are manufactured in the United States. The motor-omnibuses which would give employment to dozens of hard-working men are imported from Germany.

The Birmingham *Post* twits Mr. Balfour with being "a philosopher, a Scotchman, and a metaphysician," while it says Mr. Chamberlain is "a practical man."

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is pledged to the free-trade policy of the Liberal party, a policy exceedingly unpopular among the laboring classes. The London *Daily Mail* calls free-traders "the authors of unemployment" and thus speaks of the free trader:

"He has placed the foreigner on a footing of superior advantage in the competition of trade by admitting

And even for the humbler vocations of the unskilled labor market the free-traders have maintained a supply of eager competitors, who will take the poorest wages and accept the most miserable conditions, in the shape of the pauper alien immigrants, who have only with much difficulty within the past few months been excluded from our shores. It is at the feet of the free-trade politicians that the unemployed should lay their woes."

The free-traders, however, call themselves "free fooders," and boast of cheap meat and flour in England. As Campbell-Bannerman said in his Portsmouth speech, "I will not cut down the size of the poor man's two-penny loaf," and the free-fooders refuse to reverse England's fiscal policy of the last sixty years. Meanwhile the political battlefield is filled, according to the

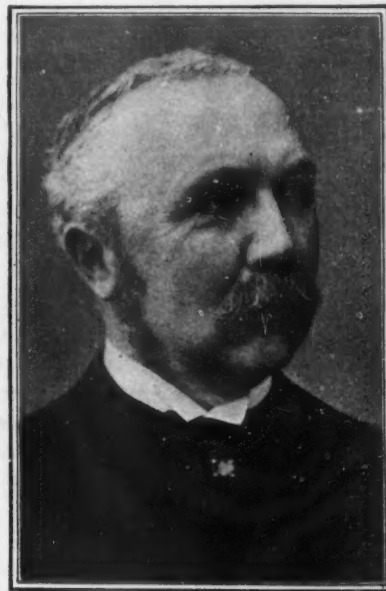
London papers, by what Shakespearean stage directions would style "alarums and excursions." Parliament on the eve of dissolution, a ministry tottering to its fall, and politicians rushing hither and thither with speeches to the people give abundant matter for the ministerial and opposition press. Certain papers wish the present Premier to continue in office, and a Conservative daily raises the old Scottish battle-cry "A Balfour! A Balfour!" The London *Standard* is followed by *The Daily Mail* in declaring that Chamberlain is the man to restore prosperity and satisfy the clamors of the unemployed. The organ of the Government, however, reluctantly admits that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will be the next Prime-Minister of England.

Mr. Balfour, in his recent Newcastle speech, confessed to some of the worst things with which the opposition charges him. He did shirk the fiscal question, and literally, to use his own expression, "ran away." To quote from the speech referred to, in which he dwells for a moment on the burning question of the hour without giving either his opinions or his plans:

"It will be in your recollection that when the fiscal question came on at a certain period in last session, I publicly advised the party to take no part either in the debates upon it or in the divisions to which it might give rise. That advice was given entirely on my own responsibility. It was most reluctantly acquiesced in by some of those of my colleagues in whose judgment I have the greatest confidence. It has been subjected to adverse criticism by some of the most eminent members of the party in and out of the House, but I have not the slightest doubt that the advice I then gave was the right advice, and that any other course would have been dogged by disaster."

Even the Continental press after this declare that Balfour is impossible and join in the jeers with which papers like *The Westminster Gazette* (London) mention his name. Thus the *Frankfurter Zeitung* remarks:

"We can not think that the present English ministry can hold together much longer. Chamberlain, according to the latest news, has kept silence long enough and has at last risen in rebellion against the shilly-shallying of Balfour. The Prime-Minister wishes to keep office as long as he can possibly do so, but the ex-Colonial Secretary wishes to inaugurate a new era in English



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN,

Leader of the Liberals, who, as *The Times* predicts, is to be the next Prime-Minister of England.

politics, and the longer this lukewarm Balfour remains in power, so much the longer will Chamberlain's plans be kept from realization."

The "shilly-shallying" of Balfour on the tariff question is noted also by the *Kölnische Zeitung*, which thus comments on the Premier's political speech recently delivered at Newcastle:

"It will easily be seen how impossible it was for Mr. Balfour in his speech at Newcastle to refrain from mentioning the hopeless disagreements that prevail in his ministry. Frankness with regard to the political situation, or with regard to his own views on the tariff question no one expects to meet with in Balfour. On crucial questions any clearness of statement is foreign to his nature."

Thus the knell of Balfour's political preeminence has sounded, and, according to the *London Times*, which still gives him faint and feeble support, his successor is to be Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, his doughty antagonist on the floor of the House of Commons. Sir Henry has been reported in all the London papers as having delivered a speech in which he announces the Liberal program and denounces the free-trade ideas of the two Chamberlains as well as the modified free-trade which Balfour seems inclined to admit. Of this speech *The Times* says:

"It is certain—so far as anything can be certain in politics—that in the event of Mr. Balfour's resignation the King will send for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. With that great responsibility imminent, as his remarks show him to believe, the country naturally expects from him some indication of a concrete and practical policy of a constructive kind, or at least some evidence of the attitude of himself and his party toward political problems. But the country will not find much enlightenment of that sort in his address to the Portsmouth Liberals."

In his address to the Portsmouth Liberals, the nearest approach to a definite Liberal program set forth by Sir Henry is contained in the following extract from his speech:

"I take the question in the forefront—the fiscal question. Sir, we desire to remove all agencies that can be removed in restraint of trade, and therefore of prosperity; we desire to curb wasteful expenditure, which is more damaging to this country than the tariffs of other countries; we desire to keep the public hand on the liquor traffic; we desire to secure, not only public control, but improvement in the quality of education—and, to the best of my observation, the only effect of the meddling of the present Government with elementary education, at all events, has been—if I may use a strong word, but a good old classical word, and a very accurately expressive word—has been to bedevil it. We desire a thorough

reform of the rating system, securing fairer incidence between town and country, between owner and occupier, and a sounder apportionment between imperial and local burdens, together with the rating of urban site values, and the relief in this respect of industry and improvements. We desire the development of our national resources, notably those which are to be found in the land itself, so as to arrest depopulation, to give freer access to the soil, and greater security and freedom of tenure. We desire to restore combinations of workmen to the position intended for them by Parliament."

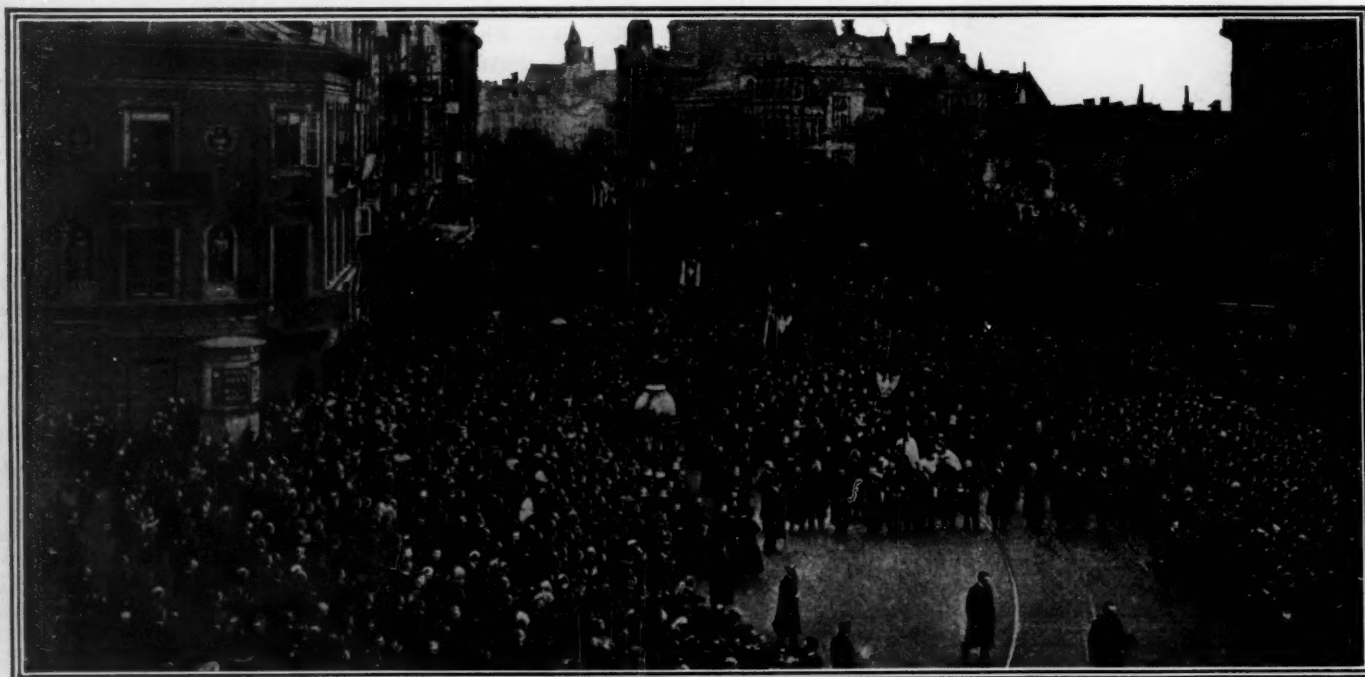
Of this speech *The Westminster Gazette* (Liberal) says that "Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had the opportunity of replying to Mr. Balfour at Portsmouth and delivered an excellent speech." *The London Daily News* says:

"The interest with which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's opening speech at Portsmouth has been awaited shows where the nation now looks for guidance. From the mutinous exhortations of Mr. Chamberlain and from Mr. Balfour's passionate cries of despair, it is a relief to turn to an utterance which is, from first to last, sensible, straightforward, and sincere. One of our perplexities, at any rate, has solved itself. The title of Liberal leader is now beyond dispute, and if leadership is anywhere in question, we may ask Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain to tell us in what quarter such personal problems still rankle. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has fought a long and weary battle, but his unfailing courtesy, his invincible courage, coupled with a conviction which is everywhere based upon accurate knowledge, has pulled him through, so that he now stands at the head of the strongest and most united Opposition of the last thirty years."

WAR-CRY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS.

THE Jewish revolutionary Bund in their appeal to the Russian proletariat, recently published in the *Européen* (Paris), announce "Death or Victory" as their war-cry. They declare that the tempest of revolution has at length broken upon Russia; that a bloody and pitiless civil war is to be waged; that the cause of liberty is in danger; but they declare that the air of liberty has been at last breathed by the people and that they are sure of success. To quote:

"The tempest of a great revolution has burst forth in Russia and is sweeping from one end of the country to the other. Its majestic course is followed by a sanguinary and pitiless civil war, such as has been stirred up by the violence of blind reactionaries



THE GREAT PATRIOTIC DEMONSTRATION IN WARSAW IN WHICH THE NATIONAL FLAG OF POLAND WAS RAISED INSTEAD OF THE RUSSIAN EAGLE.



CROWDS OF STUDENTS WAVING THE RED FLAG ALONG THE QUAYS OF THE NEVA, ST. PETERSBURG.

operating in a country which for centuries has struggled in the iron grip of autocracy. The party of reaction are mobilizing their forces. The expiring *régime* has allied itself with the refuse of society. The Government organizes and arms these blinded outcasts, who, worthy of their instigators, are bent on a savage and murderous struggle."

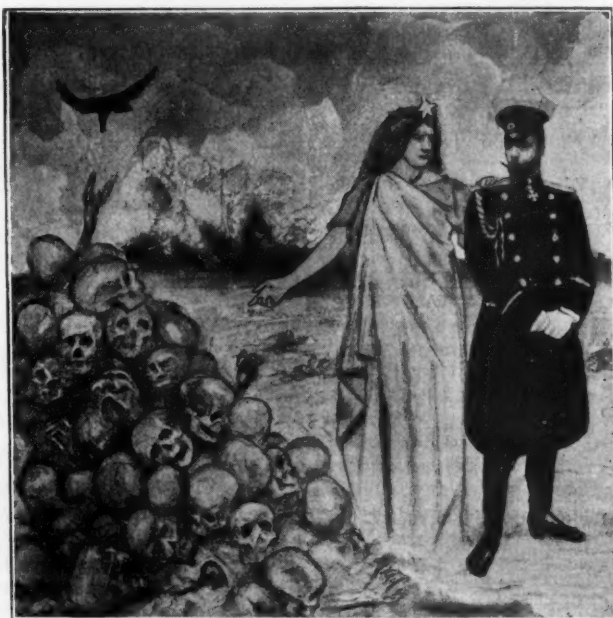
A vivid general description is given of the cruel massacres attributed to the "brute" Trepoff, as a leading French journal styles him. In the words of the appeal:

"The roar of musketry resounds in the streets of Russian cities. Victims without number bestrew the soil. Blood flows in torrents. Czarism once more has recourse to its favorite instrument of government. The massacres of Jews are carried on to such an extent that all the crimes of Czarism in the past dwindle into insignificance and are eclipsed by these new excesses of ferocity. The 'Black Gangs,' protected by the troops, encouraged by the authorities, under the supreme direction of Trepoff, systematically slaughter in cold blood the Jewish population of Russia. The Jewish quarters in many cities are totally devastated. Cities are in flames. Anarchy and terror reign everywhere. The cause of liberty is imperiled."

The revolutionary activity of the Jewish proletariat is next dwelt

upon. The Jewish working class has always been foremost in the fight for liberty and life. To quote further:

"We, the representatives of the Jewish working classes now struggling for liberty, of that proletariat of a nation which has been more oppressed than any other, have for some time contemplated the idea of pursuing our struggle for liberty by armed resistance against the hired assassins of Czarism. The Jewish proletariat has always led the vanguard of the revolutionary struggle, encountering the most deadly attacks of its implacable foes. At this moment, when Czarism rages against us with unheard-of ferocity, the need for revolutionary self-defense comes home to us more keenly than ever. In defending ourselves we work for the revolution, our struggle for life is a struggle for liberty. And all who love the cause of liberty should hasten to our assistance."



A NEW ORDER OF THINGS FOR RUSSIA.
FREEDOM (to the Czar)—"Is this to be my throne?"
—Amsterdamer.

solve, "Death or Victory." The Central Committee of the Bund signs the proclamation, which concludes as follows:

"The hour of revolution has struck. We catch a glimpse of

The revolution, indeed, the appeal continues, has actually come and the revolutionists are confident of success. They invite others to join their desperate re-



A REVOLUTIONARY MOB IN ST. PETERSBURG PARLEYING WITH THE COMMANDER OF A CAVALRY TROOP SENT TO DISPERSE THEM.



SCENE ON SENATE SQUARE, HELSINGFORS, FINLAND, WHILE THE MANIFESTO OF NICHOLAS II., GRANTING A CONSTITUTION, WAS BEING READ.

victory—partial it may be, but still victory. The dawn of a new life has come. We have breathed the air of liberty, and what we have won by the sacrifice of thousands of our nation, we know how to defend and keep.

"Our war-cry is 'Death or Victory.' We are confident of victory, we have faith in our coming triumph, and we appeal to all who, like ourselves, thirst for liberty; we invite them to come to our assistance in this hour of trial."

A CANADIAN ON AMERICAN IMMIGRATION INTO CANADA.

CANADIANS are gratified that American farmers and yeomanry are taking possession of the Canadian Northwest. In this way, says Valancey E. Fuller, in *The Canadian Magazine* (Toronto), Canada is escaping the fate of the United States, which is being largely occupied, governed, and generally overrun with foreigners who corrupt the municipal administrations, set a bad example generally in the way of rural citizenship, and aim only at their own profit and advancement. The American immigrants to Canada, on the contrary, are of the same language, brought up under the same laws and entertain the same ideas and opinions as those subjects of Edward VII. who live north of the St. Lawrence. To quote his words to his fellow countrymen:

"They are possessed of the requisites of success as pioneers in a new country. They will respect and obey your laws and customs, for they will soon learn that the former are made to be obeyed, and not to be evaded. . . . Last, and not by any means least, they will assimilate with your people. While they will never lose their love for their native land, they will none the less learn to love the land of their adoption."

He goes on to contrast the condition of the United States with that of Canada. In New York and other cities, he says, the Americans do not rule. In his own words:

"It would take some seeking to find a round dozen Anglo-Saxon names on Broadway, the great retail street, from the Battery to Forty-second Street, a distance of five miles. It is said in this city that New York was settled by the Dutch, is run by the Irish, and owned by the Jews, and it is a true saying. Get into a car anywhere in the five boroughs of the Greater City, and you will hear any language almost, but English. It is a distinct relief to cross the border to Canada, and hear our good mother tongue, instead of a gabble of Italian, German, Yiddish, Swedish, and half a dozen other languages. The same thing applies in other cities, altho New York is the most un-American of all, a veritable cosmopolis. America is no longer for the Americans."

The consequences of this are manifested in the unpatriotic greed and selfishness of the general municipal and government administration. Foreigners rush into the elective openings and eagerly seize upon political opportunities unknown to them until they came to this country, of which the writer says:

"Its municipal and public offices are filled by foreigners, far too many of them being engaged in the pursuit of their own pecuniary benefit, rather than the general well-being of the city, State, or nation. They lack the patriotism which is developed only by love of one's own country; and, having forsworn their own country, this appeals to them by reason of its relation to their own advantage, and only so."

This imported corruption infects every department of the public service and sometimes even reaches to the judiciary. As he says:

"The United States is no longer governed by the votes of Americans, but by foreigners, many of them illiterate, ignorant of the laws of the land, and lacking in sympathy with them even when they do know them. A vote is with the majority of them a marketable commodity, to be given to the highest bidder—not to put in office a man who will give the best service to his constituents, but the man who will see that those who vote for him get a return in the shape of a 'fat job' for themselves or their friends. The consequence is that votes are captured by the men with the greatest 'pull' and the heaviest purse, and 'graft' stalks abroad in bright daylight almost everywhere. It is in the police force; the municipal departments; in the legislature; and too often in the courts of justice."

Mr. Fuller does not think that the immigration of Americans into Canada is likely to result in the political unification of the two countries, as annexation would not benefit either. He concludes with a hope that none but those who, like the American immigrant, are worthy and desirable, will ever find a settlement in the Canadian Northwest provinces. His words in speaking of such immigrants are as follows:

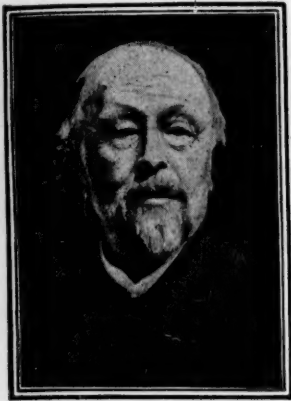
"The American settler will find the economic conditions very similar to those of his own country; he will find the school system even more liberal; the laws more fairly and impartially administered; the laws relating to the liquor question liberal, yet conserving temperance; a people of social habits, imbued with a sense of justice, a high regard for the laws of the land, and with so great a respect for them that they are not only prepared themselves to obey, but to see to it that others do likewise. . . . Canadians have a grand heritage in the great Northwest, and it is their duty to see to it that it is peopled by those worthy of it, those who, by association, will become their people, respecting their laws, and adding to the prosperity and honor of the Dominion."

NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE NEW TAINE VOLUME.

H. TAINE, *SA VIE ET SA CORRESPONDENCE*, TOME III. Hachette, Paris. Imported by Brentano, New York.

THE new volume of Taine's correspondence, just published in Paris, throws an abundance of fresh light upon the great critic and historian whose writings have left such an ineffaceable stamp upon contemporaneous thought in France. The period covered extends from 1870 to 1875—the epoch of the Commune and of national humiliation. Taine was enabled to study history objectively in one of its most terrible phases.



HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE.

It is by no means a mere coincidence that his work as a historian opens at this period. Hitherto his knowledge of men and events had been gained mostly from books, and an erudition almost comparable to that of Rabelais in its immensity had already given a distinct character to his work. He now saw in the flesh and at close range what the human animal is capable of when, having slipped the leash of law, the primeval instincts reassert their sway. The terrible impressions made upon his sensitive and critical mind are graphically described in the letters of 1870-71. But the unexampled horrors of the *année terrible*, which gave rise to despair and intellectual impotence in others, had no such effect

upon Taine. The idea seems to have occurred to him that the lesson of all this suffering, this unparalleled national degradation, might yet be fruitful for France. He determined to undertake a thorough scientific investigation of the causes and conditions which made such a cataclysm possible. One may trace clearly in his letters the dawn of this idea, afterward to be elaborated in his monumental work, "The Origins of Contemporary France." In all probability it is by this work and more particularly by its dominating feature, the titanic portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte, that Taine will be longest remembered. His claim to enduring fame will not rest upon his celebrated theories of "race, environment, and epoch," nor upon his original psychological study, "Intelligence," nor yet upon the incomparable "History of English Literature" by which he is most widely known. In creative literary power he was distanced by several of his contemporaries, for instance by Thierry, Michelet, and Renan. If the truth must be told, he was lacking in some of the essentials of a great writer, and it is not without reason that Saintsbury speaks of his "hard, brassy style." But Taine's achievement lies entirely outside the domain of literary art. His influence was political and more actual and effective than that of any writer since Voltaire. Voltarian also, in a sense, in its colossal magnitude, was the enterprise which he undertook to accomplish. This was nothing less than the extirpation, the destruction of the Napoleonic legend and of Bonapartism which he held directly accountable for the disasters of 1870. That he was never blinded to the reality of things by the splendors of the Napoleonic *épopée* is indicated in a letter in the new volume of his correspondence. Writing to his wife from Lagny on September 11, 1872, he says, apropos of some of his studies: "I observe with sorrow that our soldiers in 1807 (Jena) were as great thieves as the Prussians, just as brutal, and even greater drunkards. They did not steal methodically, in order to economize and send the booty home, but they laid waste the country in horrible fashion and destroyed like gamins. In 1807, at Eylau, at Friedland, they robbed the wounded; they pillaged one another; brutal egotism triumphs. How horrible are the wars of the Empire seen at close range—both for victors and vanquished! It is only toward 1830 that they begin to awaken admiration, when details are lost to view, and the grand ensemble alone appears." Is the man who writes this likely to be hypnotized by Napoleon?

The passage just quoted gives the actual keynote of Taine's masterwork on the history of contemporaneous France. It is a sketch, slight but significant, of the terrible full-length portrait of Napoleon in dry-point which sent a shudder through France. It presents the national idol without any drapery of legend and under the white light of scientific criticism of which Taine may be said to be the inventor. Taine's remarkable historical insight had enabled him to attain a new and clearer view. One might almost say that he helped Napoleon in a sort of infernal transfiguration.

One can understand how this marvelous personality, baffling to all the canons of historical criticism, must have fascinated Taine. The antique beauty of Napoleon's character had not escaped the notice of men. Stendhal, for instance, had remarked it. But the identification of

Bonaparte with the unique and masterful species enrooted originally in the soil of Italy had been merely fanciful. In the original mind of Taine the word was made flesh. It remained for this penetrating, critical intellect to perceive the astonishing though natural enough fact that this son of Italian Corsica was the lineal descendant of the Caesars and the Scipios, of the Sforzas, the Borgias and the mighty *condottieri* of the Renaissance. It became plain that there was nothing French in this idol of France whose mind and personality, cast in the antique mold, knew no brotherhood with modern democratic ideals. It was Taine with his scientific insight and marvelous apparatus of modern criticism who penetrated to the heart of the mystery. Focused in the reflecting telescope of Taine, the figure of the Titan emerges from its haze of legend. We are brought face to face with the last scion of the mother of empires. We recognize the latest descendant of the Mistress of the World. Suddenly there dawns upon us a new conception, startling and sinister. The real Napoleon is now before us—the modern incarnation of ferocious Italian egotism, ruthless, implacable, unfeeling, and pitiless, hard as flint, merciless as fate. We become aware for the first time of a unique species of the human animal, unparagoned in history and produced in one soil only—Italy. We recognize the characteristics of the mighty figure whose blood-red nimbus illumines the dark background of the Renaissance.

One is reminded strongly of this portentous historical portrait in glancing over some of the letters in the new Taine volume. One remembers also, in reading certain of these confidential utterances, how the writer was destined to change the current of political history in France. Thanks to Taine, the Napoleonic legend has lost its sorcery forever, and the blight of imperialism has been definitely removed from French statesmanship. He has literally drawn the fangs of Bonapartism, which up to his time was a perpetual menace to the peace of France.

In addition to elucidating Taine's famous historical study, the new volume of letters is highly interesting by reason of its characteristic sketches of famous personages—its daylight miniatures of such men as Hugo, Vigny, Musset, Lamartine, Sainte-Beuve, Renan, George Brandes, Swinburne, Jowett, Ruskin, and Arnold.

A SPURT OF MELODRAMA.

NEDRA. By George Barr McCutcheon. 343 pp. Price, \$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

IN "Nedra," Mr. McCutcheon "presents" a piece of work which will be recognized by his readers, and enjoyed—by them. It is a trifle raw and the invention drawn on for the construction of the story is within the line—very much within it!—of the pronounced combination of startling events, more thrilling than likely, which fall at once into the category of the melodramatic. A young Chicago couple (here there is a sense of fitness!) who are to be married, disdaining the folderols of the conventional society wedding, conceive the brilliant idea of eloping as an escape from them. They draw lots to see what shall be the objective point of their eloping flight, and it is Manila. This leaves abundant margin for things to happen in. Love's young dream in the case of each of them suffers marked "sea change" as to its object, which is evidently Mr. McCutcheon's ruse for maintaining poetic justice. The alienation begins on the steamer that is bearing them to the Philippines, and just as each is finding a new affinity, a most theatrical storm wrecks everybody, and casts the hero and the usurping mistress of his heart, if one may employ so harsh a term, upon an island inhabited by savages, who accept them as visiting divinities and kow-tow to them accordingly. Which is indeed felicitous, since otherwise they would have been served in the simple menu of these cannibals. There is a terrible fight between this tribe and that of another island which is neighboring but not neighborly. In the mean time, the man and woman have fallen in love with one another and confessed it, but with remorseful glances at their former mates, the lady's husband and the gentleman's fiancée, who may have been rescued from a watery grave like themselves. They are rescued, of course, and by a ship which carries them to Manila, equally of course. There to his solace the hero finds that the heroine, or at least the girl billed as that at the start, has pursued a course identical with his own and is on the eve of her marriage to the other man. Whereupon, as the author somewhat needlessly observes, the hero "lost no time on the way back to the hotel" where "Lady Tennys was in her room, strangely calm and resigned . . . wondering whether he would ever come back to her." This last doesn't smack of resignation, but in Mr. McCutcheon's treatment of a



GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON.

theme little jars of that sort are positively unfelt. Then she heartens him as he calls himself a cad, by saying "you are a man—a true, noble, enduring one. The year just gone has changed you from the easy, thoughtless boy into the strong man that you are, just as it has made of me a woman." After more consoling reflections of the same sort, the book concludes with Lady Tenny's handing out another equally brilliant reflection, "with the most entrancing smile," which probably redeemed it for Hugh Ridgway. Like most of Mr. McCutcheon's novels, "Nedra" is not matter for critical appreciation. One may say that it is "apart" from it rather than "beneath it."

"Just a pretty love story, marked by the trials that make all the sweeter the final triumph of affection," comments the Philadelphia *Ledger*. Judging "Nedra" as a fantastic extravaganza, "something to help obliterate the sense of time in a weary hour," it is a success, the Milwaukee *Sentinel* declares, but it adds that "the author can do better work than this."

THE ABODE OF THE FOOL'S HEART.

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH. By Edith Wharton. 533 pp. Price, \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

IN whatever light Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth" may be regarded, it will win approval from all except the sentimentalists who demand the "happy ending." They will feel doubly aggrieved should they realize that it might have ended pleasantly without nullifying its strength. For



EDITH WHARTON.

surely, peace and happiness should have a "strength" as great as wretchedness and tragedy. But Mrs. Wharton, after deliberately creating the drastic atmosphere of the Furies, invisibly knotting black threads to enmesh their victim back of the soft bloom of Luxury's tapestry, may have felt it inartistic to turn on them, or, perhaps, may have lapsed into bondage to the pitiless force she had evoked. After spelling ruin as far as R, U, I, one must write "Joy" very emphatically to efface their effect.

The force and value of "The House of Mirth" lie in the pitiless psychological dissection of a beautiful young woman, Lily Bart, and of the forces and tendencies of "Society." The picture is not one to inspire admiration for our self-styled "best people," and the moral teaching of the book is at best negative. That such a girl should retain her simple bed-rock sense of the value of things and enough wholesome genuineness to hold the reader's sympathy in such surroundings and circumstances is, perhaps, something of a strain on the reader's sense of verity. None but the rigidly correct can help pitying her. Here is an exquisite, clever, well-bred girl, who is mistress of all the arts that make such a woman a success in society, yet finds herself, relatively, a pauper in it. For her income does not even enable her to "dress the part." She craves the luxuries of society—of New York society, which is a baser degree of aspiration—and to secure them has to "marry money," and to that, accordingly, Lily Bart deliberately bent herself. Deliberately, at least, when she had reached the ripe bloom of twenty-nine, and had been husband-hunting within the pale for a decade. It strikes an "outsider" as singular that she shouldn't have bagged her game before she reached a point where she had to "bolt" a disagreeable man to secure the money which meant the luxuries.

Lily certainly does things which accord poorly with her name. She decides to marry an enormously wealthy, negative little skinflint, and loses him. Then she sinks to considering "eligible" as a husband a most offensive and vulgar type of Jew, and even he gets away. She is a three months' guest on a yacht that she may divert the attentions of a husband from his wife and a man-guest cruising with them, who are "interested" in one another. She also goes twice to a bachelor's apartment unchaperoned, tho only for a sympathizing talk and a cigarette. This would appear to some as the kind of compromising step a girl of Lily Bart's stamp would have had the strength to deny herself. True, Mrs. Wharton represents her as of capricious turns, rebelling against the nauseating régime she has elected to. But a "creation" does not always ring true.

Miss Bart is a blend of Becky Sharp and Gwendolen Harleth. She is not as compellingly human as the one, nor as uninspiring as the other. Frankly, Mrs. Wharton has surpassed George Eliot in this theme. Not only is Lily Bart more congenial and better, as a human variation, than Gwendolen or Becky, but Mrs. Wharton's style is more plastic and seductive than that of Mrs. Lewes. It would be banale to allude to its suggestion of Henry James. But whatever else is to be said about it, "The House of Mirth"—ironic title—stands as Mrs. Wharton's most

masterly achievement. This picture of the rank development of what are the dominant germs of New York Society and this strenuous study of one of its products and its victims is absorbingly interesting and makes its own appeal to human sympathy and pity. To approve it is a compliment the appreciative reader pays to his sense of literary perfection.

That this is one of the strongest pieces of writing that has appeared in this country for many a day is pretty nearly the unanimous verdict of the newspaper critics. "A finished and beautiful example of the modern novelist's art," declares the New York *Tribune*, and the Providence *Journal* thinks it has the "essential quality of greatness." The *Christian Work* (New York) declares that "in tone, language, and dramatic force it stands unrivaled," and, in comparison with other recent books, *The World To-day's* critic thinks it "is a giant among pigmies." "It is admirably done," remarks the Springfield *Republican*, but "whether it is the stuff of which great novels are made is another matter." "The House of Mirth," according to the New York *Times*, "is a tragedy of our modern life, in which the relentlessness of what men used to call Fate, and esteem, in their ignorance, a power beyond their control, is as vividly set forth as it ever was by Aeschylus or Shakespeare." While the New York *Evening Post* and *The Sunny South* (Atlanta) think the work is admirably done, they add that they are disappointed in the story.

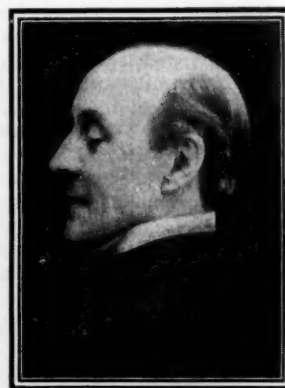
MR. HOPE IN SERIOUS VEIN.

A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC. By Anthony Hope. 362 pp. Price, \$1.50. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE, in this book, is miles away from the careless, pungent palaver of the "Dolly Dialogues" and the fantastic charm of his romances. He takes himself very seriously now. In this latest work (one feels that Mr. Hawkins's novel was "work" to him) he takes a charming actress and a fine fellow, and makes the reader sincerely grieved for the young man, while he is inclined to hate the actress. Ora Pinsent is the histrionic heroine—"A Servant of the Public"—but mistress of hearts. She makes trouble for everybody, and enters into several lives only to make a devastating exit from them. For her the stage direction "Exit left" means, "Ora exit. Somebody left." She has no more rational soul than a butterfly, tho she is full of graceful moods, which do not seem quite natural to an actress lady. Ashley Mead is a very charming, if not very imposing, young man. He has several "good things" waiting for him—in fact, coming up and pushing their noses into his hand, as if pleading to be accepted; but he has fallen too deeply in love with Ora, and he lets the rest go. Ora has a husband—somewhere. She does not disguise it, altho he doesn't "count" for very much, anyhow. It only makes Ashley's attentions more marked rather than hopeless. And the end of the story is that she turns him down, and he will never quite forget this episode in his life. That is about the whole story, but it is told very interestingly. Ora seems to be more of an actress off the stage than she is on it.

Two or three times one asks, with some wonder that the thought can occur, whether Mr. Hawkins is trying to handle a situation and characters rather a la Henry James. He is full of analysis. Tho Ora Pinsent is consistent with herself, she does not seem too much of a natural product. But Ashley Mead does ring true, and the reader is a little vexed that he should be so very nice. It is not gratifying to see a thoroughly charming human being treated like a dog, and lending himself like Job to the treatment. Altho the plot is a little tenuous, yet Mr. Hope treats it with much solidity. He takes himself seriously, and he gives an "impression" of the actress that is not bad. "A Servant of the Public" is not a great book, but that, of course, is too much to ask of a book nowadays, when greatness is not essential to a "good seller." But it is really worth while. Anthony Hope tragic is still Anthony Hope.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* finds this book "clever, entertaining, and well written," and so, too, thinks the San Francisco *Argonaut*, and the San Francisco *Chronicle* declares it is a "great story." The New York *Evening Post* thinks the book is a "psychological study unfolded with the skill of Mrs. Humphry Ward at her best, and made convincing as well as attractive by dialogue which is often brilliant and humor which is never forced or unreal." "It is refined Laura Jean Libbeyish story," according to the Baltimore *News*, told with fluency. Ora Pinsent, the Chicago *Dial* says, "fails to encourage our sympathies, or to excite any considerable degree of interest." In other words, "the book is dull."



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ANTHONY HOPE.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is in receipt of the following books:

- "The Shakespeare Story Book."—Mary MacLeod. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)
- "On Life's Stairway."—Frederic Lawrence Knowles. (Dana Estes & Co.)
- "The Faithless Favorite."—Edwin Sauter. (Published by the author, St. Louis, Mo.)
- "The Village of Hide and Seek."—Bingham Thoburn Wilson. (Consolidated Retail Bookseller, \$1.25.)
- "Deerfoot in the Mountains."—Edward S. Ellis. (John C. Winston Company, \$1.)
- "The Divine Comedy of Dante."—Edward Howard Griggs. (B. W. Huebsch, \$0.25.)
- "The Poetry and Philosophy of Browning."—Edward Howard Griggs. (B. W. Huebsch, \$0.25.)
- "Mozart, the Man and the Artist, as Revealed in His Own Words."—F. Kerst. Translated by Henry Edward Krehbiel. (B. W. Huebsch, \$1.)
- "Beethoven."—F. Kerst, translated by Henry Edward Krehbiel. (B. W. Huebsch, \$1.)
- "Moscow—a Story of 1812."—Fred Whishaw. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$1.50.)
- "China and Her People."—Charles Denby. (L. C. Page & Co., 2 volumes.)
- "A Memoir of Dr. James Jackson."—James Jackson Putnam. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
- "The Farce of Master Pierre Patelin."—Translated by Richard Holbrook. (Houghton, Mifflin Company, \$2 net.)
- "A Levantine Log-Book."—Jerome Hart. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$2.)
- "Life and Matter."—Sir Oliver Lodge. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
- "Social Theories and Social Facts."—W. M. Grinnell. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
- "Illustrative Lesson Notes."—John T. McFarland. (Eaton & Main, \$1.25.)
- "Portraits of the Eighteenth Century—Historic and Literary."—C. A. Sainte-Beuve. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
- "The Menace of Privilege."—Henry George, Jr. (Macmillan Company, \$1.50 net.)
- "The Endless Life."—Samuel McChord Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$0.75 net.)
- "A Romance of Two Lives."—Francis A. Bryant. (Mahew Publishing Company, Boston, \$1.50.)
- "The Development of Religious Liberty in Connecticut."—M. Louise Green. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2 net.)
- "A Short History of Italy."—Henry Dwight Sedgwick. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2 net.)
- "The Hand."—L. D. Burdick. (The Irving Company, Oxford, N. Y., \$1.50.)
- "A Memoir of the First Treasurer of the United States."—Rev. M. R. Minnich. (Published by author Philadelphia.)
- "The Gambler."—Katherine Cecil Thurston. (Harper Brothers, \$1.50.)
- "Wild Wheat."—M. E. Francis. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$1.50.)
- "Four Portraits of the Lord Jesus Christ."—George Soltan. (Charles C. Cook.)
- "Finite and Infinite."—Thomas Curran Ryan. (J. B. Lippincott Company, \$1.50.)
- "The Pardoner's Wallet."—Samuel McChord Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25 net.)
- "A Javelin of Fate."—Jeanie Gould Lincoln. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.)
- "The Blood of the Prophets."—Dexter Wallace. (Rooks Press, Chicago.)
- "Photograms of the Year." (The Photographic Monthly, Tenant & Ward, \$1.)
- "In the Name of the Bodleian."—Augustine Birrell. (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1 net.)
- "In the Days of Chaucer."—Tudor Jenks. (A. S. Barnes & Co., \$1 net.)



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"The Poems of Trumbull Stickney." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

CURRENT POETRY.

Friend Soul.

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

From the zest of the land of the living,
From work and reflection and play,
From the getting of love and the giving,
I hasten away.

For I have a friend from the highlands
Who's larked with me long on my plain;
And now toward his glamorous sky-lands
We're posting amain.

Up yonder his mansions are legion,
But he's snubbed on the street with a stare,
Here where I'm lord of the region;
So turn about's fair.

We leave the snug inn on the highroad.
I wave to my valley with pride.
Then we turn up the beckoning by-road
And swing into stride.

—From *The Outlook*.

In the Age of the Year.

By CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Is it the wizard wind
That has shriveled the quince's rind?
Sooth, we know it was he
Who shook the leaves from the tree
And danced them out of breath
Till they wizened away in death!
Strange and subtle powers
Have rule of these ashen hours,
Binding the stricken sphere
In this, the age of the year.

Through the crisped grass and the husk
Rustle the feet of the Dusk;
And the only song we know
Is the back-log's murmur low.
Then come, and sit with me
By the side of Memory
And Love, with the blue skies
In her spring-reverting eyes,
And there shall be vernal cheer
In this, the age of the year!

—From *Munsey's Magazine* (Dec.).

To Pain.

By ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Servant of God, our spirit's nurse,
Tutor and craftsman of the spheres,
Who drawest glory from the curse
Of sin and want and primal tears—
From toil and sordid strain, through thee
We win immortal liberty.

The glint and flashing of thy sword
Are fragments of the eternal Light;
Thou art the angel of the Lord
With whom we wrestle in the night.
It is thy ruthless steel whose shock
Sculptures the man from shapeless rock.

From stress of matter worlds are born,
By stress of spirit souls are made.
The clouds that stifle back the morn
Are pierced by thine unerring blade.
Behold how from the midnight strife
There issues forth the light of Life!

The birth-pang of the race is thine,
And joy is suckled at thy breast.
It is thy ministry divine
That takes the good and gives the best.
Beneath thine overshadowing
The sons of God together sing.



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Thine is the pang of falling leaf,
Of fading flower, or wailing wind—
Of June magnificently brief,
And winter following swift behind;
Thine is the sob of rains that pass,
Dripping athwart the kirkyard grass.

In nakedness of puissant limb
We see thy purity and might;
The vestures that would veil and dim
Reveal us stark before thy light,
Till all the passion of the soul
Is won to thy supreme control.

Thine were the mysteries of birth
When yet the worlds chaotic lay.
We struggle half-emerged from earth,
And half imprisoned by the clay;
Only thy swift, resistless hand
Can free our limbs and bid us stand.

O thou of Love the firstborn child,
And thou of love the living breath—
We know, when thou hast strangely smiled,
The message is of life, not death.
Thou raisest those whom thou hast slain
To two-fold being—mystic Pain.

—From the *Speaker* (London).

In a Winter Wood.

By CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Into a winter wood
At the crest of the morn I went;
The pine-tree stood like a tent
Of ermine feathery soft;
The hemlock wore a hood;
And many another bole,
Towering far aloft,
Was wrapt in a Samite stole.

A gentle whispering
Seemed wafted from tree to tree
Like a broken melody
Chorded tender and low;
"We are gossiping of spring,"
Said a birch, with a friendly nod,
"Of how we will joy when the snow
Will let us look on the sod!"

Then came a truant crow
With a lusty, rusty note,
And a squirrel, sleek of coat,
With his chirrup ever glad;
So we all chimed in, and oh!
What a cheery chattering,
Frolicsome time we had
Just gossiping of spring!

—From the *Metropolitan* (Dec.).

Respite.

By EMMA BELL MILES.

Dim breaks the dawn across these highlands fair,
Dark pinnacles of hemlock stirless stand
Watching the rosy-clouded light expand
Through still frost-sweetened air.

Twin desert palms have not a solitude
More deep than hours; yet where is kin more dear
Than the wild brother-life that round us here
Is waking in the wood?

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A little while with Love and Life we stay,
And here God's peace a little while we know
Ere the world claims us, and afar we go
Where leads the thorny way.

In nights to come, close-housed, this mortal frame
Shut from the stars for which we fainting pine,
Shall not the spirit climb to this wild shrine
And light again its flame?

—From Smart Set (Dec.).

At the End of Arcady.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

At the uttermost end of Arcady
There lies a garden fair,
And two and two the lovers be
Who one day wander there.
And Love, who walked with them debonair
Through the pathways intricate,
Sits down at last on a mossy stair
And yawns and is glad of it.

At the uttermost end of Arcady
A quiet garden lies,
Peaceful and fair and still to see
Under its cloudless skies.
There comes no danger to rouse surprise,
The fears of the road are gone,
But little Love rubs his drooping eyes
And smothers a sleepy yawn.

At the uttermost end of Arcady
Is the goal of settled things;
Strange they walk in it soberly
Who strove for the peace it brings.
The still night goes and the full sun swings
His lamp o'er the silent lawns,
But little Love sits with listless wings
And stretches his arms and yawns.

—From Life.

Ballad of Eve's Return.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

'Twas Eve came back to Paradise
And paused without the gate;
The angels with the flaming swords
Stood each beside the grate.
And clean-white was one sword like love,
And one was red like hate.

The chaste hosts leaned from heaven to see
The woman of first sin;
Above her head the burning blades
Crossed, menacing and thin,
And lo! a great voice spake through space,
"My people, let her in!"

Down dropped the swords on either side,
The thrice-barred gate swung free;
Blossomed and bright and beckoning
Stirred sun-filled flower and tree,
But Eve stood still without the gate
Nor wistfully spake she:

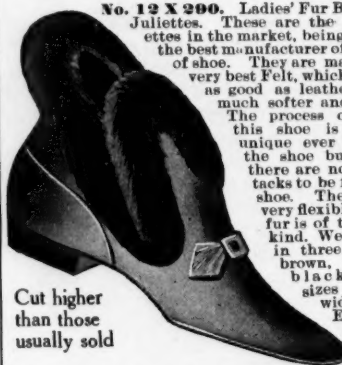
"Afar my strong man breaks the soil,
And as he toils he sings
That I may know that still his love
Grows with earth's growing things.
An I came in, who else might lean
To greet his home-comings?"

"And what to me were Paradise,
And languid days of ease,
Seeing the peace that springs from toil
Is lovelier than these,
What time at evenfall we two
Rest 'neath our new-grown trees?"

"And what to me were Paradise,
Since I have known the best—
My true mate's eyes within my eyes,
The man-child at my breast,
Their exquisite, dear need of me
That makes me wholly blest?"

The thrice-barred gate swung free and wide
To show the sun-filled way;
The blossomed heights of Paradise
Lured her as live things may.
'Twas Eve who stood without the gate
And laughed and turned away.

For Women Felt Juliettes 98c Richly Fur Bound



Cut higher
than those
usually sold

No. 12 X 200. Ladies' Fur Bound Felt Juliettes. These are the best Juliettes in the market, being made by the best manufacturer of this kind of shoe. They are made of the very best felt, which will wear as good as leather, and is much softer and warmer. The process of making this shoe is the most unique ever known in the shoe business, as there are no seams or tacks to be felt in the shoe. The soles are very flexible, and the fur is of the richest kind. We have them in three colors, brown, red and black, and in sizes 2½ to 8, widths C to EE, and you may have any of these at 98c per pair, though we know that the maker of these shoes sells them direct to some of his customers for \$1.50. We also have this very same shoe in red only for Misses and Children: in sizes

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Women's "Comfy Slippers"

Our Price 90c



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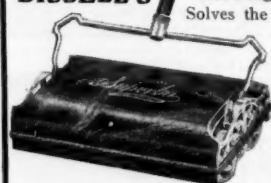
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Aghast, amazed, the hosts of Heaven
 Broke forth in wildered cries,
 "Where, then, is that her punishment
 Thou didst devise, Most Wise.
 What time thy vengeance drove her forth
 Outcast from Paradise?"
 Beneath the answering voice they bent
 As wind-swayed forests move,
 "My people, of this woman's word
 Take ye the truth thereof;
 Learn ye thus late her punishment
 Came not of hate, but love!"
 "Wiser than ye is she who guessed
 My meaning overlong;
 Love cast her forth from Paradise,
 Now when hath love wrought wrong?"

And suddenly the courts of Heaven
 Thrilled with adoring song.

—From *Scribner's Magazine* (Dec.).

The Last Refuge.

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

I.

Let come what may, they can not take
 One refuge that my heart has known
 And made to be its secret own,
 A web of dream that shall not break.
 From the harsh turmoil of the world
 No dogging step can follow me
 Where every shout fades silently
 And every flag is dumbly furled.

There only does my unrest cease
 Where struggling fear and hope recede
 And leave me, in my sorest need,
 The tender dusky tide of peace.

II.

Then let them batter loud about,
 These winds of life, these waves of men.
 My soul has slipped the narrow pen
 And left the strange confused rout;

As from a noisy clamorous feast
 The master might unnoticed turn
 And watch the rising dawn-lights burn
 Their tender flushes up the east;

Feeling himself borne far away
 From shouts of mingling revelers.
 For him alone the dawn-wind stirs,
 For him alone is born the day.

His are the purple misty hills
 And his the cloud-spires of the sky,
 Where the undiscovered cities lie,
 And his the light that through them thrills.

Let shout as will the noisy host,
 He comes not back from those far gleams
 Wherein his old unfinished dreams
 Return him all that he has lost.

—From *Scribner's Magazine* (Dec.).

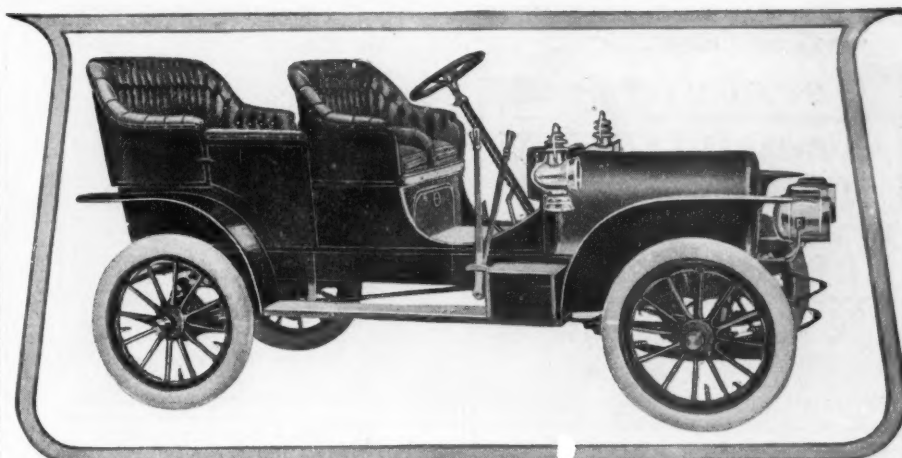
The Autumn of Love.

By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS.

When the awakening haws were green
 When May-time's drift on the apple-trees
 Hung white and sweet, and the pearly sheen
 Of the morning mist made drunk the bees,
 We learned the whisper and the kiss:
 What deadlier whisper bringeth—this?

Thy hand on mine was Heaven won,
 Thy voice and mine chimed into song,
 Thy lips and mine were flower and sun—
 The spring-time road was green and long;
 And now—no answering fervent fire
 Lights in thy heart my heart's desire.

Yet thou art perilous fair, it seems,
 And I—a singer at the shrine;
 The minstrels still must dream their dreams,
 Still love and lose, still kiss and pine;
 Thy soul hath learned to follow far
 Another and more warlike star.



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For those dear days of bloom and Spring
Have withered in the ripening heat,
And lo! the Autumn's burgeoning
Bringeth a sound of heavier feet—
And in the eyes that mirrored mine
Are pennon's flash and lance's shine.

So cometh Autumn to the year,
So cometh twilight to the day,
And unto me the tune and tear,
And mailed hands my hope to slay:
False Autumn with her dower of gold
Is still unsought, and groweth old.

—From *Harper's Magazine* (Dec.).

At the Wharf End.

BY ARTHUR STRINGER.

Ye'll weep it out, and sleep it out,
Faith, forget me in a day!
Ye'll talk it out, and walk it out—
Yis, I'll be long away!

But what a heavin' shoulder this
To rock a lad to sleep!
Ach, me gurl, that one kiss,
Ye *knew* it couldn't keep!

Some cry it out, and sigh it out,
But *we'll* forgit the ache!
Ye'll laugh it off, and chaff it off,
And learn to give and take!

And that's the gray ship waitin' me—
Sure, what's the good o' tears!
It's got to be, and ought to be—
One kiss—for twenty years!

—From *Smart Set* (Dec.).

The Princess of The Tower.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

Once yearly is the heavenly host
Reviewed and marshaled post by post,
Gabriel, Michael, Rafael—
Each captain his account must tell
Of how the battle went with him
In regions terrible and dim.

There came from out the strife of men,
One of the Warriors of the Fen
Who war on evil, lance and sword,
Take little thought of the reward,
And lavish all their generous youth
In the white cause of deathless truth.

With tempered will, with tested nerve,
Grim-armed in his fixed reserve,
He sought among the mighty hills
A respite from the crowding ills,
Sought strength's renewal, not to yield
To the long anguish of the field.

He mused, "It may be I shall find
Some consolation of the mind,
Some phrase of glory or of power
Struck by the mistress of the tower,
A talisman to hearten those
Who bear through life her battle throes."

He did not ask for joy or ease,
Praise nor immunity; all these
He had foregone in those far years
When he took service with his peers.
He asked but strength of heart to go
Back to the unrelenting foe.

So through the darkening of the days
He kept the steep and lonely ways.
Until he saw at a keen height
A castle and a beacon light.
"Who keeps, O wayfarer," he said,
"The tower wherein the light is fed?"

Amazed the other stood. Said he,
"Why, who but Princess Charity!
Dost thou not know that here to-night
They keep the feast of the world's light,
And she herself will pour the cup
Of peace—for whoso stays to sup."

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Wondering, the wearied traveler came
Up to the port, and in the name
Of truth he served, did gently pray
Place at the board. Then answered they,
"The wine of joy at Beauty's board
Is taken at one's own accord."

Such was his welcome. "Strange," thought he,
"Is Beauty known as Charity."
Until at the mysterious hour
Appeared the princess of the tower,
And all the world was changed thereby
To a new earth with a new sky.

That fair young head, that lyric mien,
So strong, so gentle, so serene!
The rhythm of time, the poise of space,
Were in her hands, and in her face
The meaning of all things that are,
From evening star to evening star.

Then in her pure, cool, tender voice
She said, "O faithful one, rejoice!
Because thy striving soul was found
Unfaltering, thy quest is crowned.
Take thou my gladness, love and youth!
The wine is Wisdom. I am Truth."

Thereat was all the silence riven,
As when there is great joy in heaven,
And the tall angels of the Lord
Receive the word of their reward—
Gabriel, Michael, Rafael,
With all their hosts no man can tell.

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PERSONALS.

Trepoff's Love of Power.—Trepoff, the Governor-general of St. Petersburg, who was recently removed by the Czar in response to the request of the liberal leaders, was the Czar's chief instrument in suppressing the discontented people of the empire. General Trepoff need not have signed the proclamation, says the *London Mail*, from which these words are taken: "And the military have been directed to fire ball cartridge if the crowds offer resistance. No blank cartridge will be used." They are characteristic of the man. We are told further that:

Russia knows him too well. Once he was laughed at. "He owes his advancement to the fact that he is the illegitimate son of some high personage," scoffed his enemies.

He did not reply.

Then tales were told of his pride. A decrepit old man had presumed to cross the street in front of his carriage, causing the driver to slacken speed for a moment.

"An insult to me," said General Trepoff. "Arrest the man!"

Instantly hands were laid on the presumptuous citizen who had not scuttled out of the way with due respect. The scene closed at the police station, when the old man, who had been vigorously abused by the General, proved himself to be a prince, an ex-governor-general of an important province, a State councillor, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, etc., etc., etc.

General Trepoff apologized.

Russia laughed.

More stories were told. He had insulted an Englishman of high rank. Once more his pride had been humbled by a reprimand from the Emperor.

And again the people he scorned rubbed their hands and gloated over his discomfiture.

Then the laughter ceased. Scorn turned to hate. They tried to kill him. Three attempts were made in a single week.

Yet, in spite of his assumed contempt, he must often have thought of his danger, for when it was announced that he was to take command of a brigade in Manchuria he is reported to have said: "Since I must be shot at, I prefer to be a target for professional Japanese soldiers than for dirty amateurs."

Tall, muscular, deep chested, a face in which the most prominent features are the cold, slate colored eyes, he is a man who gives one the impression of



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enormous force, both physical and mental. Dominated by a love of power, enjoying the signs of the fear he arouses, he seems one in whom all the warmer traits have been frozen.

When only a lieutenant he sabered his orderly for some trifling breach of etiquette. He has boasted, it is said, of having shot five men with a revolver.

At Moscow he warned the crowds, as he has just warned them at St. Petersburg. Then they did not believe him. True to his threat, his soldiers fired. How many citizens were slain will never be known, but streets and squares were piled battlefields under order reigned again.

General Trepoff was not loved the more, but he was respected.

Suspecting everybody, trusting only himself, he has more than once come to grief, as all who live only to make enemies.

A Hindrance.—Governor-elect Guild of Massachusetts, who served in the Spanish War, tells a story of a New York regiment, many of whose members were recruited on the East side. They were spoiling for a fight and it became necessary to post a sentry to preserve order.

A big husky Bowery recruit, of pugilistic propensities, was put on guard outside, and given special orders to see that quiet reigned, and above all things, if trouble came his way, not to lose possession of his rifle.

Soon a general row began, growing in proportions as the minutes passed. The soldier walked his post nervously, without interrupting, until the corporal of the guard appeared on the scene with reinforcements.

"Why didn't you stop this row?" shouted the corporal.

The sentry, balancing his rifle on his shoulder, raised his arms to the correct boxing position, and replied:

"Shure, phwat could I do wid this gun in me hands!"

An Apostle of "Honest Graft."—In a recent book entitled "Plunkett of Tammany Hall" appears a series of plain talks on practical politics delivered by George Washington Plunkett, the Tammany philosopher and right hand man of Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall. Mr. Plunkett, in one of his discourses, goes at some length to expound the new gospel of corruption known as "honest graft." He says:

"There is an honest graft and I am an example of how it works. My party is in power in the city and it is going to undertake a lot of public improvements. I am tipped off on the place. I go to that place and buy up all the land I can in the neighborhood. Then the board of this or that makes its plan public and there is a rush to get my land which nobody cared particularly for before. Ain't it perfectly honest to charge a good price and make a profit on my investment and foresight? Of course it is. Well, that is honest graft."

Mr. Plunkett's account of his entrance into politics is quite a contribution to the psychology of the "honest graft" theorists, no less than to their ethics. Politics to young Plunkett appeared a business, an exchange of commodities, just like the butcher business in which he was then engaged. We read:

"After goin' through the apprenticeship of the business [politics] while I was a boy by workin' around the district headquarters and hustlin' about the polls on election day, I set out when I cast my first vote to win fame and money in New York city politics. Did I offer my services to the district leader as a stump-speaker? Not much. The woods are always full of speakers. Did I get up a book on municipal government and show it to the leader? I wasn't such a fool. What I did was to get some marketable goods before goin' to the leaders. What do I mean by marketable goods? Let me tell you: I had a cousin, a young man who didn't take any particular interest in politics. I went to him and said: 'Tommy, I'm goin' to

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be a politician, and I want to get a followin'; can I count on you?' He said: 'Sure, George.' That's how I started in business, I got a marketable commodity—one vote. Then I went to the district leader and told him I could command two votes. . . . He smiled on me and told me to go ahead. If I had offered him a speech or a bookful of learnin', he would have said, 'Oh, forget it.'

The young politician's advance was rapid. He was sent to the Assembly soon after he cast his first vote, and has held office for nearly forty years. Once, through a strange combination of circumstances, he held four places and drew three salaries at once. Of late he has met reverses. Last fall he was defeated in his strongly Democratic district by a hustling young Republican lawyer for State senator, and in the recent primaries he was downed for district leader by "The McManus," an inveterate foe of his own political household. The fact that the defeated leader received the appellation of "Tight Wad Plunkitt" in the course of this campaign is said to be significant of the character of the contest and the reason for the revolt of his constituents.

King Peter's Popularity.—A little over two years ago Peter Karageorgevitch, pretender, was called to the throne of Serbia, following the assassination of King Alexander. What of him since then? The Washington *Star* thinks he has won the confidence and loyalty of every grade of Servian. Besides, his exceedingly democratic tendencies have insured him a large place in the affections of his subjects. *The Star* says further:

King Peter very rarely goes about with even a semblance of an escort, Austrian and German reports to the contrary notwithstanding. He does not fear for his life. He almost daily walks about unattended in the streets of the capital. He bows to all who greet him, and frequently stops to have a few words with those of his countrymen who attract him strongly. On these walks it is exceedingly easy for any one to chat with him; all that a stranger need do is to approach the king and signify a desire to speak with him.

The king is particularly fond of chatting with any farmer whom he may meet on his walks; he holds that it is the farmer who gives Serbia stability and will preserve it. A number of times within the last year and a half he has quietly stolen out of Belgrade and gone into the country to roam about among the peasants and look into agricultural conditions. His questions asked of farmers are of this order: "What is your name?" "Where do you live?" "How many children have you?" "What do you think of farming in your section?" As the last question shows, he endeavors to get the opinions of his subjects on the matters that are closest to their hearts, and will spend many valuable minutes in the effort. And, like President Roosevelt, he is particularly delighted when in answer to his question about family, the husband or wife tells of a goodly number of sons and daughters. This, too, is a land where the little family is infinitely rarer than the large one is threatening to become in America.

In matters of state Peter is by no means as dignified as some of the Servian legislators would possibly like him to be. On the occasion of opening his first skupshchina (parliament) he astonished the members by walking among them and saying heartily to one and all, "Good day, brothers!" And it was some time before the more ceremonious senators recovered sufficient composure to make belated courteous reply to their sovereign's hospitable greeting.

Still, the king can be a stickler for his rights when he thinks that the country's best interests will be served by standing up for them. Some time after his coronation the representative of an American small arms firm traveled to Belgrade to enter into negotiations with the Government concerning a proposed order for several million rounds of ammunition. After a few preliminary conferences with the officials the American was informed that the matter would have to be placed before the king himself for final decision. But when he set about to arrange for the necessary



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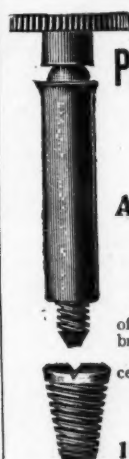
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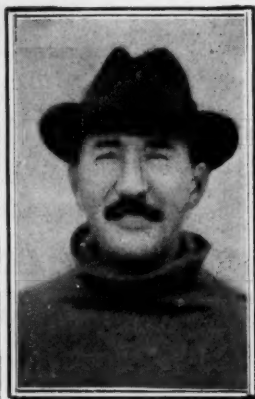
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audience he was politely tho firmly told that as the United States Government had not seen fit to recognize the new Servian Government the king regretted his inability to receive him. That was the end of the American's attempt to see the king, and, incidentally, he did not waste further time in an effort to land the ammunition contract.

Wallace Succeeds in Labrador.—Two noted explorers of Labrador, one a woman, have been reported safe after a summer of journeying into the far recesses of that mysterious land. Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, whose husband died of starvation in the frozen



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DILLON WALLACE.

fastnesses of the peninsula, has come back to civilization with reports of success. But as the *Boston Journal* remarks, she "did not begin to explore Labrador" as Dillon Wallace, at one time a comrade of her husband, has done. The *Brooklyn Eagle* says of Wallace's journey:

This explorer did not cross the great peninsula; he penetrated to Lake Michikamau, from which point he

turned north, paralleling the coast and reaching the Hudson Bay Company's post on Ungava Bay on the 16th of October. Navigation is at an end, and the bays and "tickle" are filled with ice; hence it might be thought that the worst of his journey was to come; but, in following the coast line, as he is to do on the return trip, he will avoid the dangers and difficulties that beset him last year, when his companion, Leonidas Hubbard, starved to death, and Wallace himself barely escaped with his life. . . .

Wallace had only one companion, and it will be of interest to know how he managed the commissariat, for it is in the matter of carrying supplies that the great difficulty of northern exploration consists. In a temperate climate this difficulty is overcome by the existence of game and edible vegetation; in lands farther north it is overcome by perennial ice and snow fields offering a smooth track for dogs and sleds; but in a sub-Arctic region where the temperature swings from 90 degrees above in summer to 60 degrees below zero in winter, where gales, fogs, flies and frequent lack of game vex and perplex the traveler, the way is hard, indeed. . . .

It is a little curious that this great province should have been so slightly and unsystematically explored, since it is penetrated every year by trappers and traders, and the Indians and "breeds," as they call the half breeds, wander far into the interior, in the chase of caribou; but, if their traditions are well founded, they not infrequently starve there. As far back as 1838 John McLean, factor of the Hudson Bay Company post at Chimo, traversed a good part of the land which Wallace has already covered, but he left few data which would aid anyone who undertook to follow in his trail. The field for adventure is as enticing within a thousand miles of New York as it is in the Antarctic, where for long periods of time exploration will be a matter of merely confirming coast lines. Mr. Wallace does not rank with Peary or Stanley, for he set out to do a more modest work, but in its accomplishment he offers a more substantial addition to human knowledge than it is in the power of most of us to make.

Meriwether's Pluck.—Representative Broussard, of Louisiana, who appointed Minor Meriwether, the young naval cadet now under trial for killing a comrade in a fist duel, to the Naval Academy, tells of the difficulty Meriwether had in getting into the academy. He says:

I appointed Meriwether two years ago. He is an exceptionally bright and fine fellow. At that time he



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was attending the Southwestern Industrial Institute, at Lafayette. He came to New Orleans before the examining board of the Navy Department and passed a creditable mental examination, but was rejected on the physical examination because of the crooked setting of the arm bone above the wrist, where it had been broken while participating in a football game.

After he had been rejected he came to see me, and asked me if I would have the department hold up the appointment; meanwhile, he would consult his physician, Dr. Matas, and if Dr. Matas could break the arm and reset it properly, he thought the Navy Department would be willing to accept him. Meriwether expressed himself as being willing to submit to the operation. He was so anxious not to lose the appointment that he impressed me as one who should be encouraged in his desire to enter the navy.

He came to New Orleans and submitted to an operation, while I held up the appointment. Dr. Matas was very successful, and for a period of a couple of weeks Meriwether made weekly trips from Lafayette to New Orleans. Finally, Dr. Matas discharged him with his arm perfectly straight. Meriwether then went to Annapolis for the physical and mental examinations. He passed in both and was admitted to the academy.

This incident clearly shows the character of Meriwether. His perseverance, his courage, and his earnestness impressed me greatly.

A Royal Bon Mot.—Ambassador Meyer told at a luncheon in Washington a bon mot of the Russian emperor's:

"A beautiful Italian girl," he said, "was summoned to play the violin at the Winter Palace.

"She was an excellent musician. Her performance was admirable. At the end, with a smile and a little bow, the Czar said to her:

"If I were to shut my eyes while you are playing I could fancy it were Ysaye, but I much prefer to keep them open."—*New York Tribune.*

He Weighed the World.—The sale of the house once occupied by Henry Cavendish in London recalls the great lord and some of his achievements. It was he, says *T. P.'s Weekly* (London), who converted oxygen and hydrogen into water and proved that it consists of these gases; it was he who first stated the difference between animal and common electricity, and it was he who, by a course of ingenious experiments, weighed the world.

Cavendish had no vanity; he cared for no one's praise, avoided society, and was, as one must suppose, an unhappy man. For money he cared little; up to his fortieth year he was comparatively poor, probably having an annual income of no more than £500; but in 1773 an uncle died, who left him an enormous fortune. Of that he spent very little; he was one of those rare men who have no idea of the value of money. His personal needs were very simple, and the fact that he was rich never seems to have struck him as a matter of interest.

He simply left his income to accumulate. One day his bankers, finding that they had a balance of £80,000 to his credit, sent up a messenger to consult him about it. Cavendish was extremely perturbed, but he consented to see the messenger. "What do you come here for?" he asked. "What do you want with me?"

"Sir, I thought it proper to wait upon you, as we have a very large balance in hand of yours, and we wish your orders respecting it."

"If it is any trouble to you I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me!"

"Not the least trouble to us, sir, not the least; but we thought you might like some of it to be invested."

"Do so, do so! And don't come here to trouble me, or I'll remove it."

Cavendish's shyness amounted almost to a disease. He shrank from speech with strangers, and if he were approached abruptly he would dart away with a cry, like a scared animal. At such entertainments as he attended he would often stand on the landing, afraid to face the company on the other side of the door, nor would he open it until the approach of some one from behind drove him forward. On one occasion, at a party at Sir Joseph's house, a certain Dr. In-

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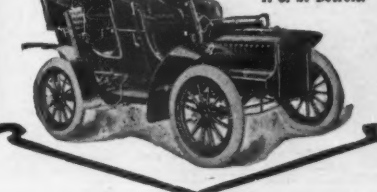
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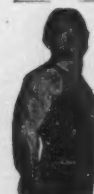
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genhouse took upon himself to praise Cavendish to his face in a high-flown and pompous manner by way of introduction to an Austrian gentleman who was present. The Austrian promptly took the cue, loaded the unfortunate philosopher with compliments, and assured him that he had come to London mainly to meet him. Cavendish stood with downcast eyes, in abject misery, speaking never a word. Then he saw an opening in the crush, flew to the door, jumped into his carriage, and drove home at full speed. Women he hated; his usual method of communication with his housekeeper was by means of notes left on the hall table, and if any female servant came into his presence she was instantly dismissed. To guard against chance meetings with his household he had a second staircase erected in his Clapham villa. Lord Brougham remembered "the shrill cry he uttered as he shuffled quickly from room to room, seeming to be annoyed if looked at, but sometimes approaching to hear what was passing among others." This extraordinary man left a fortune of £1,750,000; his heir, Lord George Cavendish, was only permitted to see him once a year, and then for no longer than half an hour. He never changed the fashion of his dress—a fact which naturally drew the attention to him which he was so anxious to avoid. He was indeed a man of pure science, in whose constitution there seemed no room for human kindness.

Detailed for Baptism.—During the Civil War the late Colonel Bouck organized a regiment, says *Everybody's Magazine*, which he controlled as a dictator. It was while the army was resting after the colonel's first campaign that an itinerant evangelist wandered into camp and, approaching the colonel, asked if he was the commanding officer.

"Ugh!" snorted "Old Gabe," as he was affectionately called, "what do you want?"

"I am a humble servant of the Lord endeavoring to save the souls of the unfortunate. I have just left the camp of the —th Massachusetts, where I was instrumental in leading eight men into paths of righteousness."

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Such accidents will oft occur
In gatherings like this, you know."

"And I have been," was the reply,
"More hasty than was rightly due,
I fear I have contused your eye—
And does this ear belong to you?"

"Believe me, sir, I meant no harm,
It happened by the merest chance.
I trust that you will take my arm
In getting to the ambulance."

'Tis now fulfilled, our fondest dream,
These college rudenesses are past.
Kind courtesy doth reign supreme
And football is reformed at last.

—Washington Star.

The Very Kind.—The Sunday-school teacher asked the class, "What kind of boys go to heaven?" And one little urchin yelled out, "Dead boys!"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

James's Woe.—"Well, James, how are you feeling to-day?" said a minister to one of his parishioners, an old man suffering from chronic rheumatism. "I hope the pains are nothing worse. You are not looking so bright as usual to-day."

"Na, sir," said the old fellow, sadly; "I've been unfortunate to-day."

"How, James? In what way?" queried the pastor.
"Well, sir," was the reply. "I got a letter frae a lawyer body this mornin' tellin' me that ma cousin 'Jack' had died an' that he had left me two hunner' poun'."

"Two hundred pounds!" repeated the minister.

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"Ay," said the old man sorrowfully, "but the stupid lawyer body didn't put enough stamps on his letter and I had a penny to pay for extra postage."—*Scottish American*.

Delicate Compliment.—Many delicate compliments have been paid the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but here is one straight from the heart of an illiterate negro that is difficult to excel. It is recalled by the Rev. C. P. Smith, of Kansas City, in telling the story of a marriage fee.

"When I was preaching at Walla Walla, Wash.," he said, "there was no negro preacher in town, and I was often called upon to perform a ceremony between negroes. One afternoon, after I had married a young negro couple, the groom asked the price of the service."

"Oh, well," said I, "you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you."

"The negro turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot, then slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes to me, said:

"Lawd, sah, you has done ruined me for life; you has, for sure."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Charley's Conversation.—"Charley takes a great interest in the tariff," said young Mrs. Torkins. "He is getting to be a regular statesman."

"What makes you think so?"

"He talks in his sleep about standing pat."—*Washington Star*.

At Dead of Night.—"Who's there?" shouted the occupant of a hotel bedroom, as he heard a noise in the corner of his room.

There was no answer, and the queer noise stopped.

"Anybody there?"

No answer.

"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium. I will try." (Aloud.) "If there is a spirit in the room it will signify the same by saying aye—no, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room it will please rap three times."

Three very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother-in-law?"

Three very distinct raps.

"Are you happy?"

Nine raps.

"Do you want anything?"

A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me any communication if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"

Raps are very loud in the direction of the door.

"Shall I ever see you?"

He waited long for his answer, but none came, and he turned over and fell asleep.

Next morning he found the "spirit" of his mother-in-law had carried off his watch and purse, his trousers, and his great-coat.—*Tit-Bits*.

For Her Own Protection.—"Yes, madam," said the salesman, "this is the most exquisite dinner set we ever handled. The price is \$150."

"I'll take it," said Mrs. Richley, "if you'll agree to mark it 'Imitation. Price \$6.90.'"

"Of course, but—er—that's rather an odd request."

"Yes, but I want to deceive our servant girl."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Professional Reserve.—"Are you in favor of a milder form of foot-ball?"

"I decline to answer."

"No need of getting grouchy. This is no insurance investigation, you know. I was merely being civil."

"Well, if you want to be civil, don't spring that sort of question on another undertaker."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

It Struck Home.—While the judge was giving his charge to the jury in the burglary case, one of the jurymen fainted. His lordship had just impressively said, "Gentlemen of the jury, in arriving at a verdict you must take the testimony of the witnesses for the defense into consideration, and give them full weight."

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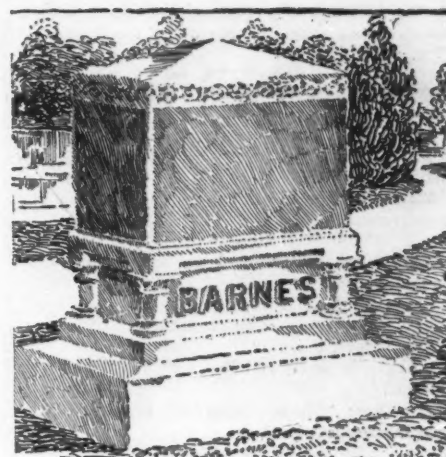
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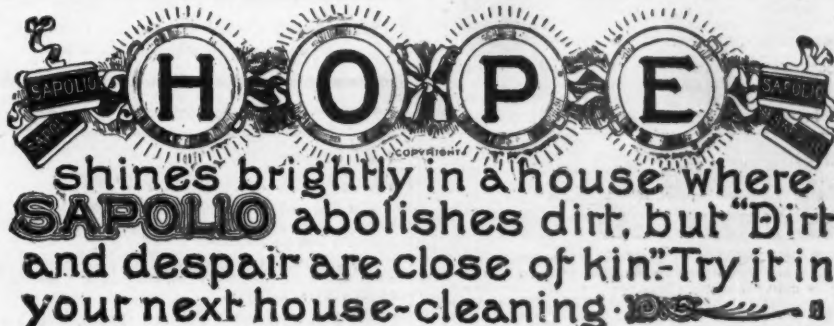
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At the words, "and give them full weight," the jurymen swooned away. He was a coal merchant.—*Tit-Bits*.

A Correction.—TEACHER: "What is The Hague tribunal?"

WILLIE: "The Hague tribunal ar—"

TEACHER: "Don't say 'The Hague tribunal are,' Willie; use is."

WILLIE: "The Hague tribunal isbitrates national controversies."—*Judge*.

Not There.—LAWYER: "You say you left home on the 10th?"

WITNESS: "Yes, sir."

LAWYER: "And came back on the 25th?"

WITNESS: "Yes, sir."

LAWYER (severely): "What were you doing in the interim?"

WITNESS: "Never was in such a place."—*Baltimore American*.

Forearmed.—"Tommy, I'm going to punish you severely."

"What fer, Pa?"

"Now, don't try that innocence game. I know all the bad things you've done to-day."

"No, you don't, Pa. You don't know where I hid the strap you lick me with."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Reformation of a Kind.—"Yes, kind lady, my four years' term expires in two weeks, then when I get out of the pen I am going to reform and start a little cigar store. I kin buy one for six hundred dollars. Have I friends what'll advance the money? Naw, I don't need them fer that little sum; I kin steal that much in two nights."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Got Him.—"When ze word to fire was given, ze gr-r-reat duelist fired in ze air."

"Ah! Magnanimous man?"

"Mais non. Hees opponent had climbed a tree."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Lame Theory.—"Do you believe," queried the long-haired passenger, "that people will have the same vocations in the next world as they have in this?"

"No," replied the hardware drummer. "That would be impossible in many cases."

"Why do you think so?" asked the l. h. p.

"Because," explained the knight of the sample case, "there are quite a number of ice dealers in this world."—*Chicago News*.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Foreign.

RUSSIA.

November 25.—Mutiny breaks out among the sailors at Sebastopol and a rear-admiral is seriously wounded.

November 27.—The mutinous sailors, joined by striking railroad men, are reported in complete control of Sebastopol. The Government authorities, it is said, fear to attempt to suppress the outbreak. Robert W. Bliss, second secretary of the American Embassy in St. Petersburg, is attacked and beaten by rowdies in St. Petersburg.

November 28.—The general labor situation again is serious; postal and telegraph employees call a strike.

November 29.—The mutiny of sailors at Sebastopol is crushed after a three-hour battle in which 5,000 men are killed. The mutinous warships *Otkafkoff* and *Panteleimon* are sunk and the rest are surrendered.

November 30.—Soldiers belonging to the Czar's personal body guard are arrested for presenting petitions asking for reforms. Because of the telegraph strike, St. Petersburg is almost cut off from the remainder of the Empire.

December 1.—Martial law in Poland is abolished. Twenty officers and 250 men of the Czar's body guard are said to have been arrested charged with having conspired against the life of the Emperor.



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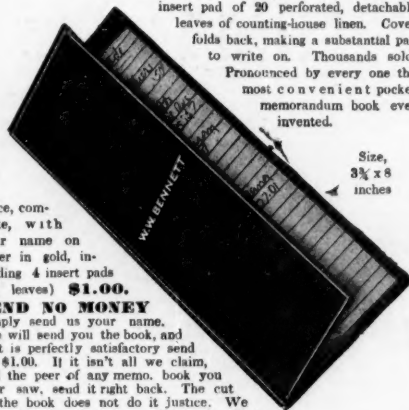
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OTHER FOREIGN NEWS.

November 25.—King Haakon VII. arrives at Christiania, Norway.

November 26.—The Turkish Foreign Minister visits the English and Austro-Hungarian embassies to suggest a modification of the Macedonian reform plans. The allied fleet arrives at Mytilene Island.

Natives of the Isle of Pines are reported to be in fear of an American attack and a request for aid is sent to Cuba.

November 27.—King Haakon, in the presence of the Storting, takes the oath to support the constitution of Norway.

American settlers in the Isle of Pines are reported to have held a meeting and ratified, by a narrow majority, the action of a previous meeting adopting a form of government as a territory of the United States.

The international fleet seizes the customs and telegraph offices at Mytilene.

November 28.—Marching with red flags, 200,000 men parade before the Parliament buildings in Vienna, demanding universal suffrage.

The Emperor of Korea orders that a protest be made to the United States against the action of Japan in establishing a protectorate over the kingdom.

November 29.—Tokyo announces that it has been decided to elevate the Japanese legations at London, Washington, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg to embassies.

Herbert G. Squires resigns the post of United States Minister to Cuba and Edwin V. Morgan is named for the place.

December 1.—It is announced that the Turkish Government has offered to accept with modifications the Powers' demand for the financial control of Macedonia.

Domestic.

November 25.—Exchange of the copies of the Russo-Japanese peace treaty is made at the State Department in Washington by Baron Rosen and Minister Takahira.

Witnesses in the Meriwether court-martial at Washington testify that fighting among midshipmen is an established custom and that participants are never punished.

A meeting of artists is held in New York to protest against the tariff on works of art.

Senator Burton, of Kansas, is convicted in St. Louis of practice before the Post-office Department while Senator. He prepares to appeal again to the United States Supreme Court.

November 26.—The annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture is made public.

The athletic committee of the University of Pennsylvania sends communications to 1,500 educational institutions throughout the country urging concerted action for the reform of football.

Sixteen persons are killed in a railroad wreck near Boston.

November 27.—The United States Supreme Court refuses to interfere in the case of Mrs. Mary Rogers, to be hanged at Windsor, Vt., December 8, for the murder of her husband.

William S. Lieb, Assistant United States Treasurer in Philadelphia, is removed by President Roosevelt for violating the Civil Service law.

Chancellor MacCracken, of New York University, calls a conference of the heads of educational institutions to bring about reform in football.

General Joseph Brent, a noted Confederate officer, dies in Baltimore.

November 28.—Secretary of State Root, in a letter to the President of the American Club of the Isle of Pines, declares that the island belongs to Cuba.

The committee on student organizations at Columbia University abolishes football.

November 29.—Senator Burton is sentenced to six months in jail and fined \$2,500, the sentence also debarring him from holding office.

Richard A. McCurdy resigns as president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company and Frederic Cromwell, treasurer, is temporarily chosen to fill the vacancy.

The railroad rate bill, drafted by the Interstate Commerce Commission, is placed before the members of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce.

November 30.—The 250th anniversary of the coming of the Jews to America is celebrated in New York.

Argument is closed in the case of Midshipman Meriwether, and the court-martial begins consideration of the case.

Gustavus C. Reichhelm, chess player and writer, dies in Philadelphia.

December 1.—Recount of five ballot-boxes in the New York Mayoralty election contest shows a gain for Hearst of seventeen, a ratio which, if maintained, would overturn McClellan's plurality.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR



In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

The Lexicographer does not answer any questions sent anonymously.

"E. B.," New York.—"Can one usually rely upon the following sentences being correct when 'is,' 'am,' and 'are' are implied? 'I am taller than she'; 'You are older than I'; 'You are in a better position to judge than they.'"

Yes. In such elliptical sentences some part of the verb "to be" is always understood, and the pronoun, therefore, should have the nominative form.

"J. T. P.," Homedale, Ida.—"Please give me the date of the coinage of the word 'science' and what led to the making of such a word."

The word "science" is derived from the Latin *scientia* and was in use in the English language in the early days of Chaucer (1340-1400). Originally "science" meant "knowledge of any description," but as used by Bacon and Gilbert it referred to the knowledge of nature. Since the later half of the nineteenth century the term has been used to signify "verified and systematized knowledge upon any subject."

"T. S. C.," Chester, Pa.—"Is there any authority for using 'done' as an adjective, as in the sentence 'I am done with that'?"

The use of "done" as a participial adjective denoting state rather than action and meaning "through, finished," is proper and justified by good usage. Thomas Jefferson, in a letter to Adams printed in *Harper's Magazine*, No. 482, p. 206, writes: "One farther favor and I am done." Ruskin, in "Fors Clavigera," vi., p. 192, says: "Let us be done with the matter."

"E. B. R.," Fort Lupton, Col.—"Please explain wherein and why the underscored words in the following sentence are incorrectly used: 'But I will tell you what I honestly think, though of course you are in a position in which I have never been, and about which I know practically nothing.' Substitute 'in which' for 'where,' the latter usually being employed to denote actual place. The relative pronoun 'which,' being governed by the preposition 'about,' should be preceded by it."

The sentence should read: "But I will tell you what I honestly think, though of course you are in a position in which I have never been, and about which I know practically nothing." Substitute "in which" for "where," the latter usually being employed to denote actual place. The relative pronoun "which," being governed by the preposition "about," should be preceded by it.

"I. H. B.," York, Pa.—"Please give pronunciation of 'Holyoke,' 'Riis,' 'Gracchi,' 'Ptomaines.'"

"Holyoke" is pronounced hol'yoke; the first "o" has the sound of "o" in "old," and the second syllable, "yoke," rhymes with "coke." "Riis" is pronounced rees. "Gracchi" is pronounced grak'kee; the "a" has the same sound as "a" in "at." "Ptomaines" is pronounced toe'mah-inz.

"E. E. B.," McClure, O.—"Is the word 'during' properly used in the sentence 'At the close of the exposition, during which they were awarded the prize,' etc.?"

The preposition "during" has for one of its meanings "at some period in an event;" but the substitution of the preposition "at" for "during" would improve the sentence.

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"Gather iris, peonies and nightshade when the moon is on the wane, pack them into linen and wear as an amulet." Advised by the magician Osthanes, Alexander of Tralles, Book I, Chapter XV, page 566.

"Take a nail from a cross and suspend it from an arm of the patient."—Given by a physician of the second century, A. D., by the name of Archigenes.—Alexander of Tralles, Book I, Chapter XV, page 566.

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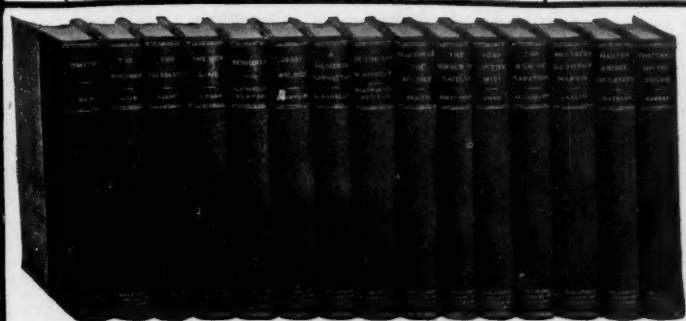
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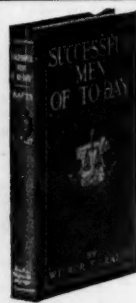
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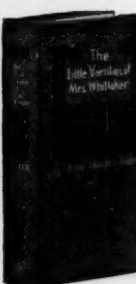
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